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BY

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PREFACE.

A VOLUME of Recitations sufficiently varied to be available for school purposes as well as the public platform, which embraces modern and standard pieces, and which is published at a price calculated to place it within the reach of all, will, it is presumed, meet with a commensurate support. In "Routledge's Popular Reciter" these objects are sought to be obtained, while for those whose attention is directed to the humorous in prose and verse, its companion volume, "Routledge's Comic Reciter," will be available.

It is gratifying to the Editor, while thanking the owners of the Copyrights of many pieces introduced in the following pages for permission to include them, to acknowledge also the obligation he is under to the several authors of recognised position who have favoured him with original contributions, and thus enabled him to present his readers with more novelty than is usually found in similar publications.

J. E. C.

Notting Hill, 1867.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Actor and his Child, The	*Edward Hastings*	176
Adam's Morning Hymn	*Milton*	97
Address to the American Congress	*Patrick Henry*	94
A Little	*J. E. Carpenter*	201
Alchymist, The	*N. P. Willis*	240
Antony's Oration over Cæsar's body	*Shakspeare*	160
A Peril by Sea	*Rev. Dr. Geo. Aspinall*	58
Aw niver can call hur my Wife	*Ben. Preston*	210
Battle of Bothwell Brig, The	*Allan Curr*	53
Bernardo and Alphonso	*J. G. Lockhart*	220
Beth Gelert	*Hon. W. Spencer*	244
Bishop Hatto and the Rats	*Robert Southey*	1
Bishop Bruno	*Robert Southey*	19
Bob Hobson's advice tul his Son	*J. Wilson*	145
Brave, The	*J. E. Carpenter*	113
Brothers, The	*Samuel Rogers*	102
Broken Heart, The	*Washington Irving*	194
Brutus on the Death of Cæsar	*Shakspeare*	68
Casabianca	*Mrs. Hemans*	6
Cassius instigating Brutus to oppose Cæsar	*Shakspeare*	101
Captain's Story, The	*Mrs. Leeson*	135
Cardinal Wolsey, on his fall	*Shakspeare*	34
Character of Napoleon	*Charles Phillips*	179
Claude Melnotte's apology and defence	*Lord Lytton*	149
Country Girl in London, The	*Nicholas Michell*	197
Countryman to the Recruiting Sergeant	*Anonymous*	49
Come whoam to thy Childer an' me	*Edwin Waugh*	209
Crecentius	*Mrs. Maclean, (L.E.L.)*	193

		PAGE
Daughter of Meath, The	*T. H. Bayly*	91
Death of Paul Dombey, The	*Charles Dickens*	3
Death of Bawtie, The	*Border Ballad*	227
Death of Nelson, The	*Robert Southey*	41
Death of little Nell, The	*Charles Dickens*	30
Death	*Sir W. Drummond*	20
Dead Ass, The	*Laurence Sterne*	37
Description of a Fire	*Anonymous*	62
Diver, The	*Schiller*	71
Disabled Soldier, The	*Oliver Goldsmith*	215
Dimes and Dollars	*Henry Mills*	237
Douglas's account of himself	*Rev. John Home*	159
Don Garzia	*Samuel Rogers*	238
Dying Sailor, The	*Rev. George Crabbe*	218
Dying Chief, The	*William Sawyer*	42
Elegy in a Country Churchyard	*Thomas Gray*	105
Englishman's privileges, An	*Anonymous*	46
Evil effects of suppressing inquiry	*Milton*	99
Excelsior!	*H. W. Longfellow*	90
Fate of Macgregor, The	*James Hogg*	75
Fairies of the Falaise, The	*William Jones*	200
Female Convict Ship, The	*T. H. Bayly*	205
First Shoes, The	*W. C. Bennett*	168
Forgiveness	*Anonymous*	104
Forging of the Anchor, The	*Samuel Fergusson*	157
Gambler's Wife, The	*Coates*	125
Gilderoy	*Thomas Campbell*	85
Glass of Cold Water, A	*G. B. Gough*	114
Goose and the Owl, The	*Mrs. Sigourney*	63
Home	*James Montgomery*	154
Hohenlinden	*Thomas Campbell*	243
Idiot Boy, The	*Robert Southey*	138
In Belgravia	*W. C. Bennett*	174
Isles of Greece, The	*Lord Byron*	26
Ivan the Czar	*Mrs. Hemans*	233
I Wouldn't—Would You?	*Anonymous*	47
Jew, The	*Anonymous*	28
Judgment of Herkenbald, The	*Anonymous*	202
Kettle on the Hob, The	*J. E. Carpenter*	134
King Bobadil's lament for the loss of Grenada	*J. E. Reade*	60

		PAGE
Last days of Herculaneum, The...	*Edwin Atherstone*	82
Labour.....	*Thomas Carlyle*	112
Liberty and Slavery	*Laurence Sterne*.....	152
Lord Ullin's Daughter	*Thomas Campbell*	118
Loss of the Drake, The	*J. H. Jesse*	87
Loss of the Royal George, The ...	*William Cowper*.....	142
Lochiel's Warning	*Thomas Campbell*	224
Lost Child, The	*Edward Fitzball*.....	115
Louise on the Door-step.....	*Anonymous*	8
Lucius Junius Brutus over the body of Lucretia	*J. Howard Payne*	182
Mary the Maid of the Inn	*Robert Southey*	50
Maniac, The	*M. G. Lewis*	150
Marriage Ring, The	*Jeremy Taylor*	86
Marino Faliero's imprecation on Venice.....	*Lord Byron*.....	163
Marguerite of France	*Mrs. Hemans*	229
Maud Müller	*J. G. Whittier*	212
Man of Ross, The	*Alexander Pope*	232
Miser's Grave, The.....	*James Hogg*.....	189
Midnight at Sea	*Professor Wilson*.....	12
Mother and her dying Child, The	*N. P. Willis*	9
Ned Bolton	*Anonymous*	181
On Death	*Sir W. Drummond*.....	20
On the Immortality of the Soul...	*Shakspeare*	204
On leaving America for England	*Thomas Moore*.....	29
One niche the highest	*Elihu Burritt*.....	55
One of the lowest	*Horace Smith*	23
Othello's address to the Senate ...	*Shakspeare*	66
Passions, The	*William Collins*.....	119
Parrhasius	*N. P. Willis*.....	184
Pawnbroker's Shop, The	*Anonymous*	77
Peril by Sea, A	*Rev. Dr. George Aspinall*	58
Peroration of speech in defence of Mr. Duffy	*Whiteside*	165
Poor Man and the Fiend, The	*Rev. — Maclellan*	226
Quaker Maiden to her Lover, The	*J. P. Hutchings*	191
Raven, The	*E. A. Poe*	109
Ruined Cottage, The	*Mrs. Maclean, (L.E.L.)*	235
Rolla's address to the Peruvians...	*R. B. Sheridan*	114
Rob Roy's defence of himself.....	*Sir Walter Scott*	143

		PAGE
Sea Captain's Story, The	*Lord Lytton*	69
Shadowless Man, The	*Chimisso*	146
Slavery	*James Montgomery*	98
Sleeping Child, The	*Professor Wilson*	207
Soldier's Return, The	*Susanna Blamire*	15
Sorrow for the Dead, The	*Washington Irving*	156
Spanish Champion, The	*Mrs. Hemans*	44
Spanish Bull Fight, The	*Lord Byron*	36
Speech of Demosthenes to the Athenians		222
Speech to the American Congress	*Patrick Henry*	94
Speech in Defence of Mr. Duffy	*Whiteside*	165
Speech on the Reform Bill	*Lord Brougham*	169
Starling, The	*Laurence Sterne*	152
Suicide, The	*Rev. George Crabbe*	93
Sweet Mary	*Rev. J. Wolfe*	96
Swiss Ballad of Renaud	*J. H. Dixon*	172
Taxes	*Lord Brougham*	133
The Passions	*William Collins*	119
Traveller and the Adder, The	*Persian Fable*	11
Three Cherry Stones, The	*Anonymous*	140
Truth and Integrity	*Archbishop Tillotson*	17
Vagrant and his Dog, The	*J. T. Trowbridge*	186
Venice	*Samuel Rogers*	78
Western Emigrant, The	*Mrs. Sigourney*	39
Winifreda	*Anonymous*	65
William Tell, Scene from	*J. S. Knowles*	126
Wreck of the outward bound, The	*Rev. Dr. George Aspinall*	123
Yorick's Death	*Laurence Sterne*	121

ROUTLEDGE'S

POPULAR RECITER.

BISHOP HATTO AND THE RATS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[Eminent as a poet, biographer, historian, and scholar. Sometime Poet Laureate. Born 1774; died 1843.]

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
They crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,
The poor folks flocked from far and near,
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire! quoth he,
And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn.

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sate down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm.
My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be,
Fly! my lord bishop, fly! quoth he,
Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!

I'll go to my tower on the Rhine, replied he,
'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the tide is strong, and the water deep.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower in the island, and barr'd
All the gates secure and hard.

He laid him down and closed his eyes—
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd;—it was only the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sate screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones,
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[Author of the "Pickwick Papers," and that long series of prose fictions which has placed him at the head of living novelists. Born 1812.]

PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him with observing eyes. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or

choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on resistless, he cried out. But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured?—he saw the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!" By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think."

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest. "You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him. Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble downstairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centred in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid. The people round him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Dr. Blimber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin, dozing in an easy-chair, often changed to Miss Fox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn,

never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there with fear.

"Floy," he said, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there, except papa!" The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said—"My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face. [illegible] ight, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa; indeed I am quite happy!" His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me; indeed I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never counted, never sought no know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling; why?" "Did I never see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh yes, dear!" "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's; often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if

you please!" "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."—"Thank you, Floy!"

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this a kind good face," said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy; I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

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CASABIANCA, THE ADMIRAL'S SON.

MRS. HEMANS.

[A celebrated English poetess; her "Life and Works" are published in seven volumes. Born 1793; died 1835.]

At the battle of the Nile, 1798, the French Admiral, in the

Orient, ordered his son Casabianca (a lad about thirteen years of age) not to quit his post until he told him. In the course of the action, the admiral was killed, the ship caught fire, and was blown up. The boy, unconscious that his father was dead, remained at his post, and permitted himself to be launched into eternity, rather than disobey his father's orders.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead:
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He call'd aloud:—"Say, Father! say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone?
And"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on,
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair!

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My Father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way;
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perish'd there,
Was that young faithful heart!

LOUISE ON THE DOOR-STEP.

ANONYMOUS

HALF-PAST three in the morning!
And no one in the street
But me, on the sheltering door-step
Resting my weary feet:
Watching the rain-drops patter
And dance where the puddles run,
As bright in the flaring gaslight
As dewdrops in the sun.

There's a light upon the pavement—
It shines like a magic glass,
And there are faces in it
That look at me and pass.
Faces—ah! well remembered
In the happy Long Ago,
When my garb was white as lilies
And my thoughts as pure as snow.

Faces! ah, yes! I see them—
One, two, and three—and four—
That come in the gust of tempests,
And go on the winds that bore.
Changeful and evanescent,
They shine 'mid storm and rain,
Till the terror of their beauty
Lies deep upon my brain.

One of them frowns; *I* know him,
With his thin long snow-white hair,—
Cursing his wretched daughter
That drove him to despair.
And the other, with wakening pity
In her large tear-streaming eyes,
Seems as she yearned towards me,
And whispered "Paradise."

They pass,—they melt in the ripples,
And I shut mine eyes, that burn,
To escape another vision
That follows where'er I turn—
The face of a false deceiver
That lives and lies; ah, me!
Though I see it in the pavement,
Mocking my misery!

They are gone!—all three!—quite vanished!
Let no one call them back!
For I've had enough of phantoms,
And my heart is on the rack!
God help me in my sorrow;
But *there*,—in the wet cold stone,
Smiling in heavenly beauty,
I see my lost, mine own!

There, on the glimmering pavement,
With eyes as blue as morn,
Floats by the fair-haired darling
Too soon from my bosom torn,
She clasps her tiny fingers—
She calls me sweet and mild,
And says that my God forgives me
For the sake of my little child.

I will go to her grave to-morrow,
And pray that I may die;
And I hope that my God will take me
Ere the days of my youth go by,
For I am old in anguish,
And long to be at rest,
With my little babe beside me
And the daisies on my breast.

THE MOTHER AND HER DYING CHILD.

N. P. Willis.

[A popular American writer. Born 1817; died 1867.]

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon

The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kiss'd his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—

"So still!
'Tis a soft sleep. How beautiful he lies,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die! Oh, God!
I could not lose him! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
His unforgotten sweetness;—

"Yet so still!
How like this breathless slumber is to death!
I could believe that in this bosom now
There was no pulse—it beats so languidly!
I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!
Death would not be so very beautiful!
And that half smile—would death have left *that* there?
—And should I not have felt that he would die?
And have I not wept over him—and prayed
Morning and night for him?—and *could* he die?—
No—God will keep him! He will be my pride
Many long years to come, and this fair hair
Will darken like his father's, and his eye
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
And he will be so tall, and I shall look
With such a pride upon him! *He* to die!"
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
And smiled, as 'twere mockery to think
That such fair things could perish—

—Suddenly
Her hand shrunk from him, and the colour fled
From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touched
His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,
Came the misgiving that her child was dead.

She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took
His little hand and prest it earnestly—
And put her lips to his—and look'd again
Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,
She whisper'd in his ear "My son!—my son!"
And as the echo died, and not a sound
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,
Motionless on her knee—the truth *would* come!
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close
Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
As if death had no power to touch him there!

THE TRAVELLER AND THE ADDER.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

A TRAVELLER passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it and drew him out; he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? If you mean according to the usage of men (replied the tree), by its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this, the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so; I know, it said the cow, by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with the design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy one more trial, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened

to be the fox, who upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder to convince him, went in again; the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

MIDNIGHT AT SEA.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

[Known as "Christopher North," a great critic and poet. Many years Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Born 1785; died 1854.]

[From the "Isle of Palms."]

IT is the midnight hour:—the beauteous Sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the ocean's heart were stirr'd
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy Deep.
The Sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away;
But God hath will'd that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright:
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd day!
The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturbed reign.
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!

My spirit sleeps amid the calm
The sleep of a new delight;
And hopes that she ne'er may wake again,
But for ever hang o'er the lovely main,

And adore the lovely night.
Scarce conscious of an earthly frame,
She glides away like a lambent flame,
And in her bliss she sings;
Now touching softly the Ocean's breast,
Now mid the stars she lies at rest,
As if she sail'd on wings!
Now bold as the brightest star that glows
More brightly since at first it rose,
Looks down on the far-off flood;
And there, all breathless and alone,
As the sky where she soars were a world of her own,
She mocketh the gentle Mighty One
As he lies in his quiet mood.
"Art thou," she breathes, "the tyrant grim
That scoffs at human prayers,
Answering with prouder roaring the while,
As it rises from some lonely isle,
Through groans raised wild, the hopeless hymn
Of shipwreck'd mariners?
Oh! Thou art as harmless as a child
Weary with joy and reconciled
For sleep to change its play;
And now that night hath stay'd thy race
Smiles wander o'er thy placid face,
As if thy dreams were gay."

And can it be that for me alone
The main and heavens are spread?
Oh! whither, in this holy hour,
Have those fair creatures fled
To whom the ocean plains are given,
As clouds possess their native heaven?
The tiniest boat that ever sail'd
Upon an inland lake
Might through this sea without a fear
Her silent journey take,
Though the helmsman slept as if on land,
And the oar had dropp'd from the rower's hand.
How like a monarch would she glide,
While the husht billow kiss'd her side
With low and lulling tone,
Some stately ship, that from afar
Shone sudden, like a rising star,
With all her bravery on!
List! how in murmurs of delight
The blessed airs of heaven invite
The joyous bark to pass one night

Within their still domain!
O grief! that yonder gentle moon,
Whose smiles for ever fade so soon,
Should waste such smiles in vain.
Haste! haste! before the moonshine flies,
Dissolved amid the morning skies,
While yet the silvery glory lies
Above the sparkling foam;
Bright, mid surrounding brightness, Thou,
Scattering fresh beauty from thy prow,
In pomp and splendour come!

And lo! upon the murmuring waves
A glorious shape appearing!
A broad-wing'd vessel through the showei
Of glimmering lustre steering!
As if the beauteous ship enjoy'd
The beauty of the sea,
She lifteth up her stately head
And saileth joyfully.
A lovely path before her lies,
A lovely path behind;
She sails amid the loveliness
Like a thing with heart and mind.
Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
Slowly she beareth on;
A glorious phantom of the deep,
Risen up to meet the moon.
The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
To cheer the gliding vision sings.
Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend
In such a holy sleep.
Or bathe in brighter quietude
A roamer of the deep.
So far the peaceful soul of heaven
Hath settled on the sea,
It seems as if this weight of calm
Were from eternity.
O World of Waters! the steadfast earth
Ne'er lay entranced like Thee!

Is she a vision wild and bright,
That sails amid the still moon-light
At the dreaming soul's command?
A vessel borne by magic gales,
All rigged with gossamery sails,

And bound for Fairy-land?
Ah no!—an earthly freight she bears
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
And lonely as she seems to be,
Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea,
In loneliness that rolls,
She hath a constant company
In sleep, or waking revelry,
Five hundred human souls!

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

[A Scottish poetess, who wrote towards the close of the last century.]

THE wars for many a month were o'er
Ere I could reach my native shed;
My friends ne'er hoped to see me more,
And wept for me as for the dead.

As I drew near, the cottage blazed,
The evening fire was clear and bright,
As through the window long I gazed,
And saw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner sat,
My mother drew her useful thread;
My brothers strove to make them chat,
My sisters baked the household bread.

And Jean oft whispered to a friend,
And still let fall a silent tear;
But soon my Jessy's grief will end,
She little thinks her Harry's near.

What could I do? if in I went,
Surprise would chill each tender heart;
Some story then I must invent,
And act the poor maim'd soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
And crooked up a lying knee;
And soon I found in that best place,
Not one dear friend knew aught of me.

I ventured in;—Tray wagg'd his tail,
He fawn'd, and to my mother ran:
"Come here!" she cried, "what can he ail?"
While my feign'd story I began.

I changed my voice to that of age:
"A poor old soldier lodging craves;"
The very name their loves engage,
"A soldier! aye, the best we have."

My father then drew in a seat;
"You're welcome," with a sigh, he said.
My mother fried her best hung meat,
And curds and cheese the table spread.

"I had a son," my father cried,
"A soldier too, but he is gone;"
"Have you heard from him?" I replied,
"I left behind me many a one;

"And many a message have I brought
To families I cannot find;
Long for John Goodman's have I sought,
To tell them Hal's not far behind."

"Oh! does he live!" my father cried;
My mother did not stay to speak;
My Jessy now I silent eyed,
Who sobb'd as if her heart would break.

My mother saw her catching sigh,
And hid her face behind the rock,
While tears swam round in every eye,
And not a single word was spoke.

"He lives indeed! this kerchief see,
At parting his dear Jessy gave;
He sent it far, with love, by me,
To show he still escapes the grave."

An arrow, darting from a bow,
Could not more quick the token reach;
The patch from off my face I drew,
And gave my voice its well-known speech.

"My Jessy dear!" I softly said,
She gazed and answer'd with a sigh:
My sisters look'd, as half afraid;
My mother fainted quite for joy.

My father danced around his son,
  My brothers shook my hand away,
My mother said "her glass might run,
  She cared not now how soon the day."

"Hout, woman!" cried my father dear,
  "A wedding first, I'm sure we'll have;
I warrant we'll live a hundred year,
  Nay, may be, lass, escape the grave!"

TRUTH AND INTEGRITY

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

[A celebrated pulpit orator, preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn. Born 1630; died 1694.]

TRUTH and integrity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it; and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to

our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully that he do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself; whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world, because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions: he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuses afterwards for anything he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage. A hypocrite hath so many things to attend to as makes his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another. But truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out: it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind—never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts will fail; but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

BISHOP BRUNO.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright:
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turned to sleep, and he dreamt again:
He rung at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech owl scream!
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night—
Oh! glad was he when he saw the daylight!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the emperor dines to-day;
There was not a baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see their pride,
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee—
But I would have *you* know, you travel to me!

Behind and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied.
And the bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turned the key,
He almost expected death to see.

But soon the bishop recovered his glee,
For the emperor welcom'd him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the bishop had bless'd the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat—
With the emperor now you are dining in glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me!

The bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
And he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there,
But when the masquers entered the hall
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquer's crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud—
You have passed the day, Bishop Bruno, with glee!
But you must pass the night with me!

His cheeks grow pale and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair;
With that there came one from the masquer's band,
And he took the bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

ON DEATH.

SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden.

[Born 1585; died 1649. A celebrated Scotch writer of prose and verse, greatly distinguished for his beautiful sonnets.]

DEATH is the violent estranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of the children from their parents, the stealer of parents from their children, the interrer of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of thos · gone away as of

so many shadows or age-worn stories; all strength by it is enfeebled, beauty turned into deformity and rottenness, honour into contempt, glory into baseness. It is the reasonless breaker off of all actions, by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures of earth, nor contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens. The sun perpetually setteth, stars never rise unto us. It, in one moment, robbeth us of what with so great toil and care in many years we have heaped together; by this are successions of lineages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned. It is not overcome by pride, soothed by flattery, tamed by entreaties, bribed by benefits, softened by lamentations, nor diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can prevent and help everything. By death we are exiled from this fair city of the world; it is no more a world unto us, nor we any more a people unto it. The ruins of fanes, palaces, and other magnificent frames yield a sad prospect to the soul, and how should it without horror view the wreck of such a wonderful masterpiece as is the body?

That death naturally is terrible and to be abhorred it cannot well and altogether be denied; it being a privation of life, and not a being, and every privation being abhorred of nature and evil in itself, the fear of it, too, being ingenerated universally in all creatures: yet I have often thought that even naturally, to a mind by nature only resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in conceit than in verity; and at the first glance, than when well pried into; and that rather by the weakness of our fantasy, than by what is in it; and that the marble colours of obsequies, weeping, and funeral pomp, (which we ourselves paint it with) did add much more ghastliness unto it than otherwise it hath. To avert which conclusion, when I had gathered my wandering thoughts, I began thus with myself.

If on the great theatre of this earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to repine at so severe and partial a law; but since it is a necessity from which never any age bypast hath been exempted, and unto which they which be, and so many as are to come, are thralled (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nought-availing stubbornness, oppose so inevitable and necessary a condition? This is the highway of mortality, and our general home. Behold what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at the same instant run. In so universal a calamity (if death be one) private complaints cannot be heard; with so many royal palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twineth forth, and again uprolleth our life), and hold still time to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee? Thy death is a pace

of the order of this *all*,* a part of the life of this world; while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this sphere of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like an ever-flowing and ebbing sea, with divers waves, but the same water, keepeth a restless and never-tiring current; what is below, in the universality of the kind, not in itself doth abide: *Man* a long line of years hath continued, *this man* every hundred is swept away.† This globe, environed with air, is the sole region of death, the grave, where everything that taketh life must rot, the stage of fortune and change, only glorious in the inconstancy and varying alterations of it, which, though many, seem yet to abide one, and being a certain entire one, are ever many. The never-agreeing bodies of the elemental brethren turn one into another; the earth changeth her countenance with the seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowery. Nay, I cannot tell how, but even the lowest of these celestial bodies,‡ that mother of months, and empress of seas and moisture, as if she were a mirror of our constant mutability, appeareth (by her too great nearness unto us) to participate of our changes; never seeing us twice with that same face; now looking black, then pale and wan, sometimes again, in the perfection and fulness of her beauty, shining over us. Death no less than life doth here act a part, the taking away of what is old being the making way for what is young. This earth is as a table-book, and the men are the notes; the first are washen out that new may be written in. They who forewent us did leave a room for us, and should we grieve to do the same to those which should come after us? Who, being suffered to see the exquisite rarities of an antiquary's cabinet, is grieved that the curtain be drawn, and to give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the amazing wonders of this various frame, should we take it to heart, when He thinketh time, to dislodge? This is His unalterable and inevitable decree: as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume to any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which He wills, whose very will giveth being to all that it wills; and reverencing the Orderer, not repine at the order and laws, which al-where and always are so perfectly established that who would essay to correct and amend any of them, he should either make them worse or desire things beyond the level of possibility. All that is necessary and convenient for us He hath bestowed upon us, and freely granted; and what He hath not bestowed nor granted us, neither is it necessary nor convenient that we should have it.

If thou dost complain that there shall be a time in which thou

* This universe.

† The human species has continued for many years, though every individual of the race is cut off before a hundred years run their course.

‡ The moon.

shalt not be, why dost thou not also grieve that there was a time in which thou wast not, and so that thou are not as old as that enlivening planet of time? For not to have been a thousand years before this moment, is as much to be deplored as not to live a thousand after it, the effect of them both being one. That will be after us which, long, long before we were, was. Our children's children have that same reason to murmur that they were not young men in our days, which we have to complain that we shall not be old in theirs. The violets have their time, though they impurple not the winter, and the roses keep their season, though they disclose not their beauty in the spring.

Empires, states, and kingdoms have, by the doom of the Supreme Providence, their fatal periods; great cities lie sadly buried in their dus; arts and sciences have not only their eclipses, but their wanings and deaths. The ghastly wonders of the world, raised by the ambition of ages, are overthrown and trampled. Some lights above, not idly entitled stars, are lost, and never more seen of us. The excellent fabric of this universe itself shall one day suffer ruin, or a change like a ruin; and should poor earthlings thus to be handled complain?

Years are a sea into which a man wadeth until he drowns.

ONE OF THE LOWEST.

HORACE SMITH.

[One of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." Author of "Brambletye House" and other novels; also of many comic and serious pieces, published under the title of "Gravities and Gaieties." Born 1779; died 1849.]

'MID the busy throng of the street,
'Mid the trampling of busy feet,
  She told her tale:—
A hollow voice and a hollow eye,
Dry lips, dry heart, and eyes long dry,
  And lavender dried for sale.
And few would pause to hear
  Her strange and tearless grief;
But still with hollow voice and eye
She flung her woes at the passers-by,
  At the honest and at the thief.

"Oh, pity! and hate me not!
  Oh, pity! and not condemn!

For once when I heard of such as myself,
O God, how I hated them!
Not me! not me! but my crime;
You loathe it not more than I:
I could not bear you should love me now;
Yet pity me, ere I die!

"I remember the time when he came to me,
And smiled, and spoke of love;—
Oh, the wildest love and the fiercest hate
In a madden'd breast will strangely mate,
And my scorn, remorse, and hatred strove
With the love that once I bore;
Till I doubted, so much were my senses lost,
Whether I loved or hated him most,
When he came to me once more!—
When he came again, and again I gave
What hunger and thirst had striven to save
Through weeks that knew no rest.
He said it was his by law:
And I doubt not he knew best.
By law, but never by right!
For I doubt that the fruit of my toil was his
By the coward's law of might.

"Fool that I was! I had no ring;
Yet merrily once I could laugh and sing,
And fancy myself his wife.
He loved for awhile, while his love was new;
But his hate was deeper and far more true,
And it cut to my soul like a knife.

"Oh, his was a laugh could hush my fears
When I doubted I was wrong;
But I would to God I had lost my ears
Ere I heard that lying tongue.
Yes, his laugh was sweet; but now it seems
Like the echo of wild and mocking screams;
And on that night when I look'd on him last,
When the rain was blown about by the blast,
And he toss'd in unholy rest—
I fancied he laugh'd in his wicked dream,
And it nerved my arm, and I stifled a scream,
As I held the knife to his breast!

"But angel or fiend withheld my hand.
He turned—he awoke—and saw me stand
By his bed with the deadly knife.
Since then I have blest and cursed the day
That I did not take his life!

I flung the terrible knife to the floor,
And rushed to the street by the open door,
With a wild and fever'd brain.
And wherever I go, for evermore
His last fierce look will remain.
The rattling rain on the pavement beat,
And the wild wind howl'd down the long black street,
And I shudder'd to hear the sound of my feet,
Though the deed I had not done.
And the bells rang out through the deep dark air;
Wildly they clash'd to my wild despair,—
And the year had just begun.

"And the babe that I danced on my thin, sharp knee,
I thought I could love it well;
But it grew each day so like to thee,
That I felt (how bitterly none can tell.)
It would laugh like thee on its road to hell.
Though I loved it, I could not bear to see
A thing that so resembled thee.
Close to the home where we used to dwell
I dropp'd it into the horrible well,
That babe that I danced on my knee!

"Oh, would that I were there,
In that cold tomb,
Drown'd in the depths of its soundless gloom,
No more to breathe the air!
I would, but I do not dare.
I cannot repent, and I dare not die.
They say there is pity in the sky;
But they who tell me so,
They loathe the sight of such as me.
And I cannot believe there is charity
In those pure skies above;
Or else in this world of sin and woe
There would be more pity for one so low,
And a little spark of love."

'Mid the busy throng of the street,
'Mid the trampling of busy feet,
She told her tale:
With a hollow voice and a hollow eye,
With a dry-drain'd heart and eyes long dry,
And lavender dried for sale.
They said "She was mad, and had been so"—
"God would provide!" or, "She might go
To Bedlam or to gaol."

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

LORD BYRON.

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho lov'd and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,—
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth, alone, is mute
To sounds that echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea:
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come;"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup of Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet—
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think you he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but serv'd Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
They have a king who buys and sells;—

In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade,
I see their glorious black eyes shine:
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
Mine own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing, but the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

THE JEW.

The Jew still walks the earth, and bears the stamp of his race upon his forehead. He is still the same being as when he first wandered forth from the hills of Judea. If his name is associated with avarice and extortion, and spoken in bitterness and scorn, yet in the morning of history it gathers round it recollections sacred and holy.

The Jew is a miracle among the nations. A wanderer in all lands, he has been a witness of the great events of history for eighteen hundred years. He saw classic Greece when crowned with intellectual triumphs. He lingered among that broken but beautiful architecture that rises like a tombstone over the grave of her departed splendour.

The Jew saw Rome, the "mighty heart" of nations, sending its own ceaseless life's throb through all the arteries of its vast empire. He, too, has seen that heart cold and still in death. These have perished, yet the Jew lives on—the same silent, mysterious, indestructible being. The shadow of the Crescent rests on Palestine, the signet of a conqueror's faith—still the Jew and his religion survive. He wanders a captive in the streets of his own once queenly Jerusalem, to meditate sad and gloomily on the relics of ancient power. Above him shines the clear sky, fair as when it looked down on the towers of Zion, but now, alas! beholds only a desolate city and an unhappy land. The world is his home. Trampled on and exiled, his name a badge of infamy, he still lives, full of ancestral

pride. The literature of the ancient Hebrew triumphs over all creeds, and schools, and sects. Mankind worship in the sacred songs of David, and bow to the divine teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, who also was a son of Abraham. Such is the Jew. His ancient dreams of empire are gone. How seldom do we realize, as we see him in our city streets, that he is the creature of such a strange, peculiar destiny. Neither age, nor country, nor climate have changed him. Such is the Jew, a strange and solitary being, and such the drama of his long and mournful history.

ON LEAVING AMERICA FOR ENGLAND.

THOMAS MOORE.

["The poet of all circles and idol of his own." Author of the "Irish Melodies," "Lalla Rookh," &c.; also of numerous prose works in history and biography. Born 1780; died 1852.]

WITH triumph this morning, oh! Boston, I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chill Nova Scotia's unpromising strand
Is the last I shall tread of American land.
Well—peace to the land! may her sons know, at length,
That in high-minded honour lies liberty's strength,
That though man be as free as the fetterless wind,
As the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten the blast,
If no harvest of mind ever sprung where it pass'd,
Then unblest is such freedom, and baleful its might,—
Free only to ruin, and strong but to blight!
Farewell to the few I have left with regret:
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
The delight of those evenings,—too brief a delight!
When in converse and song we have stolen on the night;
When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind, or the mien
Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had adored,
Whose name had oft hallow'd the wine-cup they pour'd.
And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I have told of each bright son of fame all I knew,
They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful stream
Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
Without leaving one relic of genius to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away!

Farewell to the few—though we never may meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my name
Shall recur to their ear they'll recall me the same,
I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and blest,
Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest.

But, Douglas! while thus I recall to my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,
Not a track of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore
Oh! think then how gladly I follow thee now,
When hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is enshrin'd;
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
And ask it in sighs, how we ever could part?—

But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to swell—
To the boat, I am with thee—Columbia, farewell!

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

WHEN morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together, by the river side at night. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And, even then, she never thought or spoke about him, but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers which he begged them to lay on her breast. It was he who had come to the window over night and spoken to the sexton, and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay, before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it seemed, that they had left her there alone; and could not bear the thought.

He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear of his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long when *he* was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to this time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from her bedside. But, when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, and to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes for ever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed. It was Sunday—a bright, clear, wintry afternoon—and as they traversed the village street, those who were walking in their path drew back to make way for them, and gave them a softened greeting. Some shook the old man kindly by the hand, and some uncovered while he uttered by, and many cried "God bless him," as he passed along

* * * * *

And anon the bell—the bell she had so often heard, by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll, for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on through the coloured window—a window, where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light, would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One, called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another, told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, well, and arch, and most

at all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that we must all learn, and is a mighty, universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for ever fragile forms from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

It was late when the old man came home. The boy had led him to his own dwelling, under some pretence, on their way back; and, rendered drowsy by his long ramble, he had sunk into a deep sleep by the fireside. He was perfectly exhausted, and they had taken care not to rouse him. The slumber held him a long time, and when he at length awoke the moon was shining.

The younger brother, uneasy at his protracted absence, was watching at the door for his coming, when he appeared in the pathway with his little guide. He advanced to meet them, and tenderly obliging the old man to lean upon his arm, conducted him with slow and trembling steps towards the house.

He repaired to her chamber, straight. Not finding what he had left there, he returned with distracted looks to the room in which they were assembled. From that, he rushed into the schoolmaster's cottage; calling her name. They followed close upon him, and when he had vainly searched it, brought him home.

With such persuasive words as pity and affection could suggest, they prevailed upon him to sit among them and hear what they should tell him. Then, endeavouring by every little artifice to prepare his mind for what must come, and dwelling with many fervent words upon the happy lot to which she had been removed, they told him, at last, the truth. The moment it had passed their lips, he fell down among them like a murdered man.

For many hours they had little hope of his surviving; but grief is strong, and he recovered.

If there be any who have never known the blank that follows death—the weary void—the sense of desolation that will come upon the strongest minds, when something familiar and beloved is missed at every turn—the connexion between inanimate and senseless things, and the object of recollection, when every household god becomes a monument, and every room a grave—if there be any who have not known this, and proved it by their own experience, they can never faintly guess, how, for days, the old man pined and mope

away the time, and wandered here and there as if seeking something, and had no comfort.

* * * * *

At length, they found, one day, that he had risen early, and, with his knapsack on his back, his staff in hand, her own straw hat, and little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they were making ready to pursue him far and wide, a frightened schoolboy came who had seen him, but a moment before, sitting in the church—upon her grave.

They hastened there, and going softly to the door, espied him in the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he rose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself, "She will come to-morrow!"

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid him down to rest, and murmured, "She will come to-morrow!"

And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave, for her.

How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting-places under the free broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trodden—how many tones of that one well-remembered voice—how many glimpses of the form, the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind—how many visions of what had been, and what he hoped yet to be, rose up before him, in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where he went. He would sit with them at night, pondering with a secret satisfaction, they could see, upon the flight that he and she would take before night came again; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, "Lord! Let her come to-morrow!"

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and, in the church where they had so often prayed, and mused, and lingered hand in hand, the child and the old man slept together.

(*By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.*)

CARDINAL WOLSEY ON HIS FALL.

[William Shakspeare. Born 1564; died 1616.]

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness,
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls—as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard of—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king,
And—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

LORD BYRON.

[Author of "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," &c. The most celebrated poet of his time. Born 1788; died 1824.]

THE lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant seat for lated wight is found.
Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
The crowd's loud shout their prize, and ladies' lovely glance.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without his friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving, to and fro
His angry tail;—red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time, to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes; nor lance nor darts avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;

Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the cunning hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheath'd in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes!
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
What private feuds the troubled village stain!
Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,
Enough, alas! in humbler homes remain,
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm stream must flow.

THE DEAD ASS.

Laurence Sterne.

[Author of "The Sentimental Journey," a prose work unrivalled for its pathos. Born 1713; died 1768.]

Having settled all my little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little

bidet,* and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs), he cantered away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince. But what is happiness? what is grandeur, in this painted scene of life? A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career: his *bidet* would not pass by it, a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kicked out of his jack-boots the very first kick. . . . . .

"And this," said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet;—"and this should have been thy portion," said he, "hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me." I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature. The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with an ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time, then laid them down, looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand, then laid it upon the bit of hi ass's bridle, looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh. The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home. It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain. When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature his tribute, and wept bitterly. He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey; that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern; La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it; it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured loved him; and upon this, he told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean moun-

* Post-horse.

tains, which had separated them from each other three days: during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass; and that they had scarce either ate or drank till they met. "Thou hast one comfort, at least," said I, "in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." "Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive; but now that he is dead I think otherwise; I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for." "Shame on the world!" said I to myself. "Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass, 'twould be something."

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

[A celebrated American authoress. Born 1791; died 1865.]

An axe ran sharply 'mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the skies had tower'd
In unshorn beauty. There, with vigorous arm,
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguiled the toil.

"Boy thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river on whose breast we sail'd,
So many days, on toward the setting sun?
Our own Connecticut, compared to that,
Was but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtured in the garden bound
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."

"What ho! my little girl," and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contain'd

His noon's repast, look'd upward to his face
With sweet confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see,
That bright-wing'd paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Still made me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing then,
In that first home. I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."

Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declined, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois
Dashing against their shores.

Starting, he spake—
"Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?
'Twas even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home."

"No, no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which, 'mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion."

And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that sooth'd
Her waking infant, reassured his soul
That wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content and placid, to his rest he sank;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him.

Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire,

All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neigh'd;
The favourite dog came frisking round his feet,
With shrill and joyous bark: familiar doors
Flew open; greeting hands with his were link'd
In friendship's grasp; he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and, till morning, roved
'Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HE fell with his face upon the deck. Hardy turned round as some men were raising him. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. Soon after he had been carried to the cock-pit, his wound was discovered to be mortal; he felt this himself, and insisted that the surgeon should leave him, to attend those whom he might yet save. He was in great pain, and intensely anxious to know how the battle went. "Will no one bring Hardy to me?" he asked: "he must be killed! he is surely dead!" At length Hardy came, and the two friends shook hands in silence. After a pause, the dying man faintly uttered, "Well, Hardy, how goes the day?" "Very well; ten ships have already struck." Finding that all was well, and that no British ship had yielded, he turned to speak of himself—"I am a dead man, Hardy! I am going fast. It will soon be all over with me!" Hardy hoped that there was yet a chance of recovery. "O no! it is impossible. I feel something rising in my breast that tells me so." Captain Hardy, having been again on deck, returned at the end of an hour, to his dying friend. He could not tell, in the confusion, the exact number of allies that had surrendered; but there were at least fifteen; for the other ships had followed their admiral's into action, breaking the enemy's line and engaging closely to leeward, in the same gallant style as the *Victory* and *Sovereign*. Nelson answered, "That is well, but I bargained for twenty." And his wish was prophetic; he had not miscalculated the superiority of his followers; twenty actually surrendered. Having ordered the fleet to anchor, he again spoke of himself. "Don't throw me overboard. Kiss me, Hardy!" Hardy knelt down, and obeyed in silence. "Now I am satisfied; I thank God I have done my duty." Hardy kissed him again, received his blessing, and then took leave of him for ever.

The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire

had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

THE DYING CHIEF.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

[Author of "Ten Miles from Town," a volume of poems of great merit. Mr. Sawyer is a well-known contributor to several of the leading periodicals.]

THE struggle over, we, yet in the grime
And reek of fight, sought out where lay our Chief,
Prone on a leopard skin, beneath an oak
Wide-spreading. With a mortal wound he lay,
His stern face bloodless, and upon his breast
Gash interlacing gash, and in the midst
A spear-thrust gaping. By his side his Page,
His bright hair blood be-dabbled, knelt: his scarf,
One rent in crimson strips for bands: the rest
Fetch'd cooling leaves, or in their caps of steel
Came bearing water. Rueful all, and sad:
Rueful and wan, and pitying each face,
Till from the camp, heaped with the dying, now
A Priest came, stealing softly as a ghost,
And reach'd his side, and knelt, and whisper'd hope.
But as he whisper'd, he who heard was still
For death was in his heart: his part in hope
And life was done—he knew it and was still.
But when the secret Priest whisper'd of pain—
The scornful wrinkles pucker'd round his mouth:
And when of victory won—he heeded not:
And when of rest—but then his furrow'd brow
Flush'd scarlet.

"Rest!" form'd on the thin blue lip,
And died in gasping. "Rest!" he cried, and then
The fire of scorn flash'd thro' him. "Rest! To me
Action is rest, and what men call repose
Is but the torturous fretting-out of life.
The eagle is not hooded into rest:
The lion chafes to madness in his cage:
And mine is not the slavish soul to lie,
Counting the spots upon this leopard-hide,

Dreaming the hours out like the boy who weaves
Verses in love-time. Peace and rest for me!
Not so is cool'd the fire that in these veins
Burns into action. I am as a brand
Snatch'd from the watch-fire in the night, that toss'd
From hand to hand, or swiftly borne along,
Against the darkness, blazes redly out,
But thrown to earth smoulders its life to dust.
What part have I in aught of rest or peace?
Peace is to me disease—inaction, death.
For me there is no life, but in the fierce
Encounter of the field: no music like
The sharp exultant blast that breaks the truce,
That slips the leash, and lets the bloodhounds go,
And in its signal frees a league of swords
Outringing with a flash! Dearer to me
Than years of silken ease, one little hour
Snatch'd in the battle's fore-front, when the foes,
Meeting in silence, eye to eye, brows knit,
Teeth clench'd, knees set, and hand and weapon one,
Forget death, danger, glory, only feel
Strength—sinewy strength—and with it the fierce thirst
That prompts to carnage! With the sense of blood
Men madden into demons. Tiger-fierce
Their eyes: their cries the cries of beasts: their hearts
As cruel and as pitiless. I know
The spur of violence, and the thirst for life,
I know the moment—life's supremest—when
The fight is fought, the stricken curse, the weak
Go down, the craven fly, and yet the tide
Of human life and passion, spraying blood,
Rages and eddies round the soldier's arm,
As still he breasts the waves, still carves a path
Through dead and dying on—and at the last,
Or falls a hero among heroes slain,
Or fights, till on a sudden yields the foe,
And breaking ranks commingling, onward pour
A torrent thundering in its gathering force—
And from the mystic sacrament of blood
Valour emerges—glory!"

On the lips
Died the faint accents: died from brow and cheek
The crimson flush, and with a groan the Chief
Fell on his face. The Priest bent over him:
The little Page wept glistening tears—the rest
Looked on bareheaded. Silence fell on all.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head,
And tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free
His long-imprison'd sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys,
I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—
O break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,
A ransom'd man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
Will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
His charger's foaming speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd,
There came a glittering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode,
As a leader in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there,
In very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearn'd so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved,
His cheek's hue came and went;
He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side,
And there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took.—
What was there in its touch that all
His fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—
It dropp'd from his like lead;—
He look'd up to the face above—
The face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er that noble brow—
The brow was fix'd and white;
He met at last his father's eyes—
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung and gazed;
But who can paint that gaze?
It hush'd their very hearts, who saw
Its horror and amaze;
They might have chain'd him, as before
That stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm,
And from his lip the blood!

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low,
And wept like childhood then;
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
The tears of warlike men!—
He thought on all his glorious hopes—
On all his high renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side,
And in the dust sat down.

And covering with his steel-gloved hand
His darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said,
"To lift the sword for now.
My king is false, my hope betray'd,
My father—oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness
Are pass'd away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved,
My sire, beside thee yet;
I would that there on Spain's free soil
Our kindred blood had met;
Thou would'st have known my spirit then,
For thee my fields were won;
But thou hast perish'd in thy chains,
As if thou hadst no son."

Then starting from the ground once more,
He seiz'd the monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and wilder'd looks
Of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp,
The rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—
The king before the dead!

"Came I not here upon thy pledge,
My father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false King
And tell me what is this

The look, the voice, the heart I sought—
Give answer, where are they?
If thou would'st clear thy perjured soul,
Put life in this cold clay!—

"Into these glassy eyes put light,—
Be still, keep down thine ire,—
Bid these cold lips a blessing speak!—
This earth is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed!—
Thou canst not, and, O King! his dust
Be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the rein; his slack hand fell!
Upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—
Then turn'd from that sad place!
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate
Untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more
Among the hills of Spain!

AN ENGLISHMAN'S PRIVILEGES.

In England, a man may look around him, and say, with truth and exultation, "I am lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts, which even a king could not command some centuries ago. There are ships crossing the seas in every direction, to bring what is useful to me from all parts of the earth. In China, men are gathering the tea-leaf for me; in America, they are planting cotton for me; in the West India Islands, they are preparing my sugar and my coffee; in Italy, they are feeding silk-worms for me; in Saxony, they are shearing sheep, to make me clothing; at home, powerful steam-engines are spinning and weaving for me, and making cutlery for me, and pumping the mines, that minerals useful to me may be procured. My patrimony was small, yet I have railways running day and night, on various lines, to carry my correspondence. I can send my messages, with lightning speed, on the telegraphic wires; thus taming, for my use, "the fiery bird of heaven!" Hundreds of miles through the land, and through the sea, I can send to my friends, and hear from them again, in a few minutes. This is wonderful, very wonderful, but it is true! I have roads, and canals, and bridges, to bear the coal for my winter fire; nay, I have protecting fleets and armies around my happy country, to secure my enjoyments and repose. Then I have editors and printers,

who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, amongst all these people who serve me; and in a corner of my house I have books! the miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing cap of the Arabian Tales; for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all times. By my books, I can conjure up before me to vivid existence, all the great and good men of old; and, for my own private satisfaction, I can make them act over again the most renowned of all their exploits. In a word, from the equator to the pole, and from the beginning of time until now, by my books, I can be where I please."

This picture is not overcharged, and might be much extended; such being the miracle of God's goodness and providence, that each individual of the civilized millions that cover the earth, may have nearly the same enjoyments as if he were the single lord of all.

"I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU?"

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN a lady is seen at a party or ball,—
Her eyes vainly turn'd in her fits of conceit,
As she peers at the gentlemen, fancying all
Are enchain'd by her charms and would kneel at her feet,
With each partner coquetting,—to nobody true;—
I wouldn't give much for her *chances!*—would you?

When an upstart is seen on the flags strutting out,
With his hat cock'd aslant, and a glass in his eye;
And thick clouds of foul smoke he stands puffing about,
As he inwardly says, "What a noble am I,"—
While he twists his moustache for the ladies to view;—
I wouldn't give much for his *senses:*—would you?

When a wife runs about at her neighbours to pry,
Leaving children at home, unprotected to play;
Till she starts back in haste at the sound of their cry,
And finds they've been fighting while mother's away,
Sugar eaten—panes broken—the wind blowing through;
I wouldn't give much for her *comfort!*—would you?

When a husband is idle, neglecting his work,
In the public-house snarling with quarrelsome knaves;
When he gambles with simpletons, drinks like a Turk,
While his good wife at home for the poor children slaves;
And that home is quite destitute—painful to view;—
I wouldn't give much for his *morals:*—would you?

When a boy at his school, lounging over his seat,
Sits rubbing his head, and neglecting his book,
While he fumbles his pockets for something to eat,
Yet pretendeth to read when his master may look,
Though he boasts to his parents how much he can do;
I wouldn't give much for his *progress*:—would you?

When a man who is driving a horse on the road,
Reins and whips the poor brute with unmerciful hand,
Whilst it willingly strives to haste on with its load,
Till with suff'ring and working it scarcely can stand;
Though he may be a man,—and a wealthy one too,
I wouldn't give much for his *feelings*:—would you?

When a master who lives by his labourers' skill,
Hoards his gold up in thousands, still craving for more,
Though poor are his toilers he grindeth them still,
Or unfeelingly turns them away from his door;
Though he banketh his millions with claims not a few;
I wouldn't give much for his *conscience*:—would you?

When a tradesman his neighbour's fair terms will decry,
And keeps puffing his goods at a wonderful rate;—
E'en at prices at which no fair trader can buy;—
Though customers flock to him early and late;
When a few months have fled, and large bills become due,
I wouldn't give much for his *credit*:—would you?

When in murderous deeds a man's hands are imbrued,
Tho' revenge is his plea, and the crime is conceal'd,
The severe stings of conscience will quickly intrude,
And the mind, self-accusing, can never be heal'd;—
When the strong arm of justice sets out to pursue,
I wouldn't give much for his *freedom*:—would you?

When a husband and wife keep their secrets apart,
Not a word to my spouse about this, or on that;
When a trifle may banish the pledge of their heart,
And he naggles—she snaggles;—both contradict flat;
Tho' unequall'd their love when its first blossoms blew;
I wouldn't give much for their *quiet*:—would you?

When a man who has lived here for none but himself,
Feels laid on his strong frame the cold hand of death,
When all fade away,—wife, home, pleasures, and pelf,
And he yields back to God both his soul and his breath;—
As up to the judgment that naked soul flew,—
I wouldn't give much for his *Heaven!*—would you?

THE COUNTRYMAN'S REPLY TO THE INVITATION OF A RECRUITING SERGEANT.

ANONYMOUS.

"So ye want to catch me, do ye?
Na! I don't much think ye wool,
Though your scarlet coat and feathers
Look so bright and beautiful;
Though ye tell such famous stories,
Of the fortunes to be won,
Fightin' in the distant Ingies,
Underneath the burning sun.

"'Spose I be a tight young feller,
Sound in limb and all that ere,
I can't see that that's a reason
Why the scarlet I should wear.
Fustian coat and corded trousers
Seem to suit me quite as well;
Think I doan't look badly in 'em,
Ax my Meary, she can tell!

"Sartinly I'd rather keep 'em,
These same limbs you talk about,
Covered up in cord and fustian,
Than I'd try to do without.
There's Bill Muggins left our village,
Just as sound a man as I,
Now he goes about on crutches,
With a single arm and eye.

"To be sure he's got a medal
And some twenty pounds a year,
For his health, and strength, and sarvice,
Government can't call that dear;
Not to reckon one leg shattered,
Two ribs broken, one eye lost,
'Fore *I* went in such a venture,
I should stop and count the cost.

"Lots o' glory? lots o' gammon!
Ax Bill Muggins about that,
He will tell ye tain't by no means
Sort o' stuff to make ye fat;
If it was, the private soger
Gets o' it but precious little,
Why, it's jest like bees a ketchen,
With the sound of a brass kittle.

"Lots o' gold, and quick promotion?
Pshaw! just look at William Green,
He's been fourteen years a fightin',
As they call it, for the Queen;
Now he comes home invalided,
With a sergeant's rank and pay,
But that he's been made a captain,
Or is rich, I ain't heerd say.

"Lots o' fun and pleasant quarters,
And a soger's merry life;
All the tradesmen's—farmers' daughters,
Wantin' to become your wife?
Well, I think I'll take the shillin',
Put the ribbins in my hat.
Stop! I'm but a country bumpkin,
Yet not quite so green as that.

"Fun? a knockin' fellow-creatures
Down like ninepins, and that ere,
Stickin' bagnets through and through 'em,
Burnin', slayin', everywhere!
Pleasant quarters?—werry pleasant,
Sleepin' on the field o' battle,
Or in hospital, or barracks,
Crammed together just like cattle.

"Strut away, then, master sergeant,
Tell your lies as on ye go,
Make your drummers rattle louder,
And your pipers harder blow;
I shan't be a son o' glory,
But an honest working man;
With the strength that God has gave me
Doin' all the good I can."

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WHO is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs:
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care.
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and her cheek
Has the deathly-pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the maniac has been,
The traveller remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd her guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile.
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied.
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a school-boy, would tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head:
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,—
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager, and lose!" with a sneer he replied;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win,—for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent,
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid;
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight.
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she past,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well-pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear:
She paused, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd,—naught else could she hear,
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdled cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by,—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd—
She felt, and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaimed; "Nay, come on here and hide
The dead body," his comrade replied.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gazed horribly eager around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For—O God! what cold horror then thrill'd through her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may espy,
The traveller beholds them, and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

THE BATTLE OF "BOTHWELL BRIG."

A LAY OF THE COVENANTERS.

ALLAN CURR.

[Mr. Curr is well known as an Independent minister, and is a popular lecturer at our principal literary institutions.]

'TWAS on a Sabbath morning in the sunny month of June,
Oh! waefu' Sabbath morning, when Scotland's sun gaed doon;
And bright that Sabbath morning broke—to close so dark and drear
For Scotland's hour of woe had come, and Scotland's doom was near.

The sun was on the rippling Clyde, that sparkled clear and bright,
On either side the armies lay, and marshalled forth their might;
Loud rose the shouts of armèd men—loud rang the cries of war,
And highland host and lowland's boast were gathered from afar.

Ten thousand sounds were mingling then with music of the drum,
Ten thousand swords were glancing bright, and told the foe had come;

There rode the faithless Livingstone—there rode the bloody Grahame,
And fierce Dalziel, and Monmouth there, to work their country's shame.

With fife and drum, and banner red, and war-pipes shrill and clear,
The foe are marching to the bridge—their horsemen in the rear;
Loud rose the shout, "God save the King!" and answer back we sent,
"The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts! and Kirk and Covenant!"

Right facing them our army lay, the river roll'd between,
And Burley bold, and Morton brave, on Bothwell Brig were seen,
Behind them, spreading on the moor, our scatter'd army lay,
With none to lead them to the fight, and win that bloody day.

Loud murmurs swell'd along our ranks,—by factions weak and blind
Our camp was tost, like forest leaves, blown by the autumn wind;
Loud rose the sounds of angry strife,—loud rag'd the fierce debate,
And traitor words were spoken whilst the foe were at the gate.

Where is the spirit that of old defied th' invader's might—
Where is a hero like of old to put the foe to flight?
Oh! for an hour of Cromwell's sword to change the fate of war,
Oh! for the arm that led them on at Marston and Dunbar.

Had we the blade of Wallace true, or Bruce to lead the van,
Our foes would flee before our face as their forefathers ran,
Had we one arm to guide us on—the battle-tide to turn,
Our song would be of victory, and Bothwell—Bannockburn!

On Bothwell Brig a dauntless few, stood forth in stern array,
Right gallantly they kept the bridge upon that fatal day;
With pike and gun, and sword and spear, and hearts sae leal and true,
Long stood they there in glory's place to guard our banner blue.

Thrice rush'd the foe the bridge to gain, and thrice our blades drank blood,
Some fell beneath the broad claymore—some threw we in the flood,
Again the shout, "God save the King!" and answer back we sent—
"The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts! and Kirk and Covenant!"

'Gainst fearful odds they kept the Bridge till one by one they fell,
And deeds of glory had been done no minstrel tongue can tell;
"The Bridge is lost!" God help us now, for yonder come the foe,
And horsemen with their nodding plumes, now cross the ford below.

Then out spoke Grahame of Claverhouse,—a bloody man was he,
"Now charge them with the sword and lance,—your battle-cry Dundee!"
Then spoke out sturdy Cameron—a brave old man was he,
"In God we trust, our cause is just, we fear not thine nor thee.

"Curse on thee, bloody Clavers, now, curse on thee evermore,
Curse on thy traitor hand that dy'd old Scotland's streams with gore;
Long as the hills of Scotland stand shall hated be thy name,
And each true Scottish tongue for aye shall curse the bloody Grahame."

But see! the foe have passed the bridge, their must'ring ranks are near,
Their swords are glancing in the sun,—their horsemen in the rear.
Again the shout, "God save the King!" and answer back we sent,
"The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts! and Kirk and Covenant!"

In vain, in vain, ye dauntless few, with Burley keep the van,
In vain around our banner blue, die fighting man to man;
"The day is lost!" our stricken host like traitors turn and flee;
God help me ever from the shame such other sight to see!

Oh! weep for Scotland, weep! for God hath her afflicted sore,
Weep—weep bloody tears for Scotland—her freedom is no more;
Oh! bright that Sabbath morning broke,—the sun shone on the flood,
But ere that Sabbath day had clos'd—*Her* sun went down in blood.

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ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

ELIHU BURRITT.

[Born in America (U.S.) 1811. Known as the "learned blacksmith," from his having acquired the mastery of many languages. A popular lecturer and journalist; still living.]

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up

those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them; and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is

impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair,—"William! William! Don't look down! Your Mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade? How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and

closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity—Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting! and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

A PERIL BY SEA.

THE REV. DR. GEORGE ASPINALL.

THE coast-guard men who were under me
Gazed idly out on the sun-lit sea;
No smuggling lugger, no skulking boat
Within the range of view did float.

A distant ship, with her white wings spread,
Was the only craft to be seen ahead;
And the pilots put out with practised oar,
And to hail and pilot her to the shore.

In an open shallop, at stroke of noon,
My wife had left for the town of Stroon,
With my three young sons—a town that lay
Facing the bend of the deep, broad bay.

Two were to reef, and the third was to steer,
The waves were crisp and the sky was clear;
And I watch'd them off from the jetty stair
With no thought of fear, for the wind was fair.

The time wore on, and I dined at two,
Alone, with the froth-fringed waves in view;
And the years came back of my early life,
When I woo'd and married my absent wife.

Then I saw to the guard, but as night drew nigh
I noted a frown on the brow of the sky;
And a wrathful change was taking place,
Like passions at work on the human face.

Anon, and clouds of a dun-red hue
Had blotted and blur'd the morning's blue;
And wild and swirling gusts swept by,
With rushing roar, and with sullen sigh!

I minded the boat, and my heart misgave
If its summer build could the tempest brave;
For I knew that by now 'twould be midseas o'er,
On the homeward tack, from the other shore.

The wind increased, to a gale it spread,
The lights were lit on the lighthouse head,
And they flash'd and flamed on the waters of strife,
On which rock'd the boat with my sons and wife.

Like an egg-shell we could see it tost
By the glare of the lamps, and we deem'd it lost;
One moment, and then like a bird 'twould rise,
While borne on the blast came *a woman's cries!*

Up to this I had ne'er been a praying one,
I had never pray'd as I should have done;
But now, right up through the storm-fill'd air,
To the ocean's God I breathed my pray'r!

For I thought of the vessel on the lake,
And of those within whose faith did shake,
And who cried to Jesus, sore afraid—
"Lord, save; we perish! Master, aid!"

And I thought on Him, who by His will,
Bade straight the winds and waves be still,
Who King-like caused the storm to cease,
And lull'd the troubled sea to peace.

And on Him I call'd who could yet command,
(Who holds the waters in His hand);
Yea, I pray'd as I ne'er had pray'd before,
That the Lord would bring them safe to shore.

Nor did He the strength of His succour hide,
For when midnight chimed came the turn of tide;
And there fell a sudden calm on the sea,
And my wife and bairns came back to me!

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KING BOABDIL'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF GRANADA.

JOHN EDMUND READE.

[Author of "Italy," "Cain the Wanderer," "The Deluge," and other poems of great and acknowledged merit.]

DOWNWARD swept the Moorish squadrons filing from Granada's walls:
Moslem's reign at length is ended, silent are Alhambra's halls;
Spain's proud standard floats above her towers, and mosques, and gardens fair;
Warrior's song and lute of lover never more shall waken there!

On they marched with banners trailing in the dust before the foe:
Nought is there but women's wailing, frantic gestures, speechless woe!
Then Boabdil,* backward turning, saw the Red Cross planted high,
Grief and rage his bosom burning, choked his throat and dimmed his eye.

But when pealed their trumpets' clangour, and their shouts above him broke,
When he saw the crescent-standard cloven by the headsman's stroke;
And the Red Cross o'er it streaming forward like a meteor flung,
Words—but words of grief and anger, burst from his indignant tongue.

"O thou land of love and glory! must we see thee then no more?
Who shall tell our fatal story when on Afric's burning shore?
Who shall leave with soul unshaken, tombs where sleep our fathers dead?
Holy Prophet! they will waken, they will hear our parting tread!

"Flower of cities! must we lose thee, we, who made thee what thou art?
Joy of every eye that views thee, pride of every Moslem's heart!
On thy stately towers while dwelling, on thy spires in Heaven that shine,
Who but feels his bosom swelling with a grandeur caught from thine?

"Who shall match thy lovely fountains, groves whose fragrance loads the air,
Myrtled vales, and vine-wreathed mountains, music's echoes lingering there;

* Abo ıl-abd-Allah, the son of Zoaraya, surnamed "Zaquir."

Who, thy glorious self possessing, would not in thy love be blest?
Where existence is a blessing dreamed away upon thy breast!

"Must we leave these haunts for ever, for a hot and burning sky,
Where the herbage gladdens never, where life opens but to die?
On the sandy deserts marching, streams and fields like thine shall rise;
Streams that mock our palates parching, fields that cheat our aching eyes.

"O my kingdom! must we sever?—how shall I my passion tell?
Land of beauty lost for ever, land of glory,—fare thee well!
Who shall soothe us on the morrow, exiles on the trackless sea?
Life has nothing left but sorrow—all is lost in leaving thee!"

Outspake then his haughty Mother; she had stood and watch'd him nigh,
Pride and scorn she could not smother, darkening in her Moorish eye!
"Son!—if son I still must call thee—cease thy grief's bemoaning tone,
If what thou hast done appal thee, still thy dagger is thine own!

"Liv'st thou not?—can degradation sink thee lower than thou art?
Can the leprosy of meanness deeper taint thy spotted heart?
Dar'st thou outlive thy dishonour? dar'st thou brave thy mother's scorn?
Would the grave had closed upon her on the hour when thou wast born!

"How may such as thou inherit the fire kindling in our veins?
Where the spirit of the hero that prefers not death to chains?
When, if ever Moor retreated, outlived he his stricken pride?
Never were our kings defeated; on the field they won or died.

"Better far that thou hadst perished, fighting on yon leaguered wall,
Better far that thou hadst cherished base life in a dungeon's thrall;
Better I had slain thee—start not! slain thee with this woman's hand,
So thou with thy shame depart not exiled on a homeless land.

"See thy work accursed! a kingdom basely yielded by thy fears,
By thy sires won, by our valour upheld for a thousand years;
Hadst thou but thy faulchion wielded like thy mighty fathers dead!
Thou without a stroke hast yielded, thou without an effort fled.

"Yet thou stand'st thy fate arraigning! the base life thou sought'st is thine,
Live, in coward words complaining, while to die of shame be mine!
On—but join not the procession; let not men thy weakness view,
Make them not by thy confession hate thee, and despise thee too.

"Yield the prize up to the stranger, they have won their great reward;
Glorious prize! which thou no longer hadst the heart and hand to guard.
See the infidels triumphant—hear their shouts as we depart!
Feel the wound thou hast inflicted till its gangrene eat thy heart.

"Look at yon all glorious city, with her golden girdle spread;
Look at yon Alhambra towering o'er her builders who have fled!
And 'the Fountain of the Lions'—who that stately name shall hear,
Deeming they who slept beside them quailed from fight like stricken deer.

"Yet again behold Granada!—feel thy recreant doom is just:
Lo!—the Cross triumphant o'er thee, hurled the Crescent in the dust!
Onward then—while execration dogs thee to thy exile clime,
Where the curses of thy nation wait thee to the end of time."

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DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

Look here—how delightful! that desolate house with no roof at all, gutted and skinned by the last London fire! You can see the poor green and white paper still clinging to the walls, and the chasm that once was a cupboard, and the shadows gathering black on the aperture that once was a hearth! Seen below, how quickly you would cross over the way! That great crack forebodes an avalanche! you hold your breath, not to bring it down on your head. But seen *above*, what a compassionate, inquisitive charm in the skeleton ruin! How your fancy runs riot, repeopling the chambers, hearing the last cheerful good-night of that destined Pompeii—creeping upon tiptoe with the mother, when she gives her farewell look to the baby. Now all is midnight and silence; then the red crawling serpent comes out. Lo! his breath; hark! his hiss! Now, spire after spire he winds and coils; now he soars up erect—crest superb and forked tongue—the beautiful horror! Then the start from the sleep, and the doubtful awaking, and the run here and there, and the mother's rush to the cradle; the cry from the window, and the

knock at the door, and the spring of those on high towards the stair that leads to safety below, and the smoke rushing up like the surge of a hell! And they run back stifled and blinded, and the floor heaves beneath them like a barque upon the sea! Hark! the grating wheels, thundering low; near and near comes the engine. Fix the ladders—there! there! at the window where the mother stands with the babe! Splash and hiss comes the water; pales, then flares out, the fire: foe defies foe; element, element. How sublime is the war! But the ladder, the ladder! there at the window! All else are saved! the clerk and his books—the lawyer, with that tin-box of title-deeds—the landlord, with his policy of insurance—the miser, with his bank notes and gold—all are saved; all but the babe and mother. What a crowd in the streets! how the light crimsons over the gazers, hundreds on hundreds! All those faces seem as one face with fear. Not a man mounts the ladder. Yes, there—gallant fellow! God inspires—God shall speed thee! How plainly I see him!—his eyes are closed, his teeth set. The serpent leaps up, the forked tongue darts upon him, and the reek of the breath wraps him round. The crowd has ebbed back like a sea, and the smoke rushes over them all. Hah! what dim forms are those upon the ladder? Nearer and nearer—crash come the roof-tiles. Alas, and alas! no, a cry of joy, a "Thank heaven!" and the women force their way through the men to come round the child and the mother. All is gone, save that skeleton ruin.

THE GOOSE AND THE OWL.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I CANNOT bear to hear thee slander'd, goose,
It irketh me to see the truant boys
Pause in their play, and cast a stone at thee,
And call thee foolish.

Do those worthies know
That when old Rome had let the ruffian Gauls
Tread on her threshold of vitality,
And all her sentinels were comatose,
Thy clarion-call did save her? Mighty strange
To call *thee* fool!

I think thou'rt dignified
And portly in thy bearing, and in all
The duties and proprieties of life
Art quite a pattern. Yet the duck may quack,
The turkey gabble, and the guinea-hen
Keep up a piercing and perpetual scream,

And all is well; but if thou ope thy beak,
"*Fie, silly creature!*"

Yet I'm sure thou'st done
Many a clever and obliging deed;
And more than this, thou from thy wing dost spare
An outcast feather, which hath woke the world,
And made it wiser. Yea, the modest quill
Doth take its quiet stand behind the press,
And, like a prompter, tell it what to say.
But still we never praise the goose, who gave
This precious gift. Yet what can fill its place?
Think of the clumsy stylus, how absurd!
I know, indeed, that smart metallic pens
Have undertaken to speculate at large;
But I eschew them all, and prophesy
Goose-quills will be immortal as the art
To which they minister. 'Twere meet for me,
Though all besides were dumb, to fondly laud
The instrument that from my childhood up
Hath been my solace and my chosen friend
In hours of loneliness.

I ask my peers,
The erudite and learned in the law,
Why the recusant owl is singled out
As Wisdom's bird? If blind Mythology,
Who on her fingers scarcely knew to count
Her thirty thousand gods, should groping make
Such error, 'tis not strange. But we, who skill
To ride the steam, and have a goodly hope
To ride the lightning too, need we be ruled
By vacillating Delphos? or enticed
To sanction her mistakes?

The aforesaid owl,
With his dull, staring eyes, what hath he done
To benefit mankind? Moping all day
Amid some dodder'd oak, and then at night,
With hideous hooting and wild flapping wings,
Scaring the innocent child. What hath he done
To earn a penny, or to make the world
Richer in any way? I doubt if he
E'en gets an honest living. Who can say,
Whether such midnight rambles, none know where,
Are to his credit? Yet the priceless crown
Of Wisdom he, in symbol and in song,
Unrighteously hath worn.

But times have changed,
Most reverend owl! Utility bears rule,

And the shrewd spirit of a busy age
Doats not on things antique, nor pays respect
To hoary hairs, but counts it loss of time
To honour whatsoever fails to yield
A fat per centage. Yet thou'rt not ashamed
To live a gentleman, nor bronze thy claw
With manual labour, stupidly content
To be a burden on community.

Meantime, the worthy and hard-working goose
Hath rear'd up goslings, fed us with her flesh,
Lull'd us to sleep upon her softest down,
And with her quills maintain'd the lover's lore,
And saved the tinsel of the poet's brain.
—Dear goose, thou'rt greatly wrong'd.
I move the owl
Be straightway swept from the usurper's seat,
And thou forthwith be voted for, to fill
Minerva's arms.
The flourish of a pen
Hath saved or lost a realm; hath signed the bond
That made the poor man rich; reft from the prince
His confiscated wealth, and sent him forth
A powerless exile; for the prisoner bade
The sunbeam tremble through his iron bars
The last, last time; or changed the cry of war
To blessed peace. How base, to scorn the bird
Whose cast-off feather hath done this, and more.

WINIFREDA.

[The authorship of this beautiful lyric and purely English ballad is uncertain. Percy calls it a "Translation from the Ancient British," but it was a fashion in his day to manufacture literary antiquities, as it is still to make specimens of ancient art wherewith to gull the uninitiated. It is included among Gilbert Cooper's poems, where, says Miss Mitford, in her "Literary Recollections," it is "a diamond among pebbles; he never could have written it." It has been claimed for Steevens, the restorer of Shakspeare's text, but without success. This ballad was an especial favourite with Miss Mitford, who says, and justly, that it contains "the rare merit of conveying the noblest sentiments in the simplest language."]

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care

What though no grant of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood?
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess?
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth to age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
And hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy, time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charged withal),
I won his daughter with.
I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.
Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.
Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune,
That I have passed,
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance. In my traveller's history
(Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,*
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven
It was my hint to speak), such was my process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,

* Sterile, barren.

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me:
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

SHAKSPEARE.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak—for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak—for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak—for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.

None?—then none have I offended. I have done no more to

Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying —a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

LORD LYTTON.

[Author of "Pelham" and a long series of novels which have placed him, justly, at the head of the literature of his day; also of many successful dramas and much-admired poems. Born 1805; still living.]

GENTLE lady!
The key of some charm'd music in your voice
Unlocks a long-closed chamber in my soul;
And would you listen to an outcast's tale,
'Tis briefly told. Until my fourteenth year,
Beneath the roof of an old village priest,
Nor far from hence, my childhood wore away.
Then waked within me anxious thoughts and deep.
Throughout the liberal and melodious nature
Something seem'd absent—what, I scarcely knew—
Till one calm night, when over earth and wave
Heaven looked its love from all its numberless stars—
Watchful yet breathless—suddenly the sense
Of my sweet want swelled in me, and I ask'd
The priest—why I was motherless?
He wept, and answer'd "I was nobly born!"
As he spake,
There gleamed across my soul a dim remembrance
Of a pale face in infancy beheld—
A shadowy face, but from whose lips there breathed
The words that none but mothers murmur!
'Twas at that time there came
Into our hamlet a rude jovial seaman,
With the frank mien boys welcome, and wild tales
Of the far Indian lands, from which mine ear
Drank envious wonder. Brief—his legends fired me,
And from the deep, whose billows washed the shore

On which our casements look'd, I heard a voice
That woo'd me to its bosom: Raleigh's fame,
The New World's marvels, then made old men heroes,
And young men dreamers! So I left my home
With that wild seaman.
The villain whom I trusted, when we reached
The bark he ruled, cast me to chains and darkness,
And so to sea. At length, no land in sight,
His crew, dark swarthy men—the refuse crimes
Of many lands—(for he, it seems, a pirate)
Call'd me on deck—struck off my fetters: "Boy!"
He said, and grimly smiled: "not mine the wrong:
Thy chains are forged from gold, the gold of those
Who gave thee birth!"
I wrench'd
From his own hand the blade it bore, and struck
The slanderer to my feet. With that, a shout,
A hundred knives gleam'd round me; but the pirate,
Wiping the gore from his gash'd brow, cried "Hold!
Such death were mercy." Then they grip'd and bound me
To a slight plank—spread to the wind their sails,
And left me on the waves alone with God!
That day, and all that night, upon the seas
Toss'd the frail barrier between life and death.
Heaven lull'd the gales; and, when the stars came forth,
All look'd so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recall'd that wretch's words, and murmur'd, "Wave
And wind are kinder than a parent."
Day dawn'd, and, glittering in the sun, behold
A sail—a flag!
It pass'd away,
And saw me not. Noon, and then thirst and famine;
And, with parch'd lips, I call'd on death, and sought
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnaw'd
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep;
And then methought I saw, beneath the clear
And crystal lymph, a dark, swift-moving thing,
With watchful glassy eyes—the ocean-monster
That follows ships for prey. Then life once more
Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent gaze,
And lifted hair, I floated on, till sense
Grew dim and dimlier, and a terrible sleep,
In which still, still those livid eyes met mine,
Fell on me.
I awoke, and heard
My native tongue. Kind looks were bent upon me;
I lay on deck, escaped the ghastly death—
For God had watch'd the sleeper!

THE DIVER.

By Schiller. Translated by Lord Lytton.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maëlstrom that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king,
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
And dark through the whiteness, and still through the swell,

The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean
A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell;
The stiller and darker the farther it goes,
Sucked into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again,
Hark! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—
And behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
Thrilled from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare thee well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen tossed aloft in the glee of the wave!
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!
Steering stalwart and shoreward. O joy, it is he!
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
"He lives—lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee;
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee—
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spoke the Diver—"Long life to the King!"

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below nevermore find a voice—
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of heaven!
Nevermore, nevermore may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with terror and night!

"Quick brightening like lightning, the ocean rushed o'er me,
Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day;
Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,
And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

"From the deep, then I called upon God, and He heard me;
In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye
A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me;
I sprung there, I clung there, and death passed me by.
And lo! where the goblet gleamed through the abyss,
By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!
A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!
Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms;
Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed;
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark—the hyena of ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
And begirt with the broods of the desert of Death.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
IT saw—a dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!
And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more,
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore."

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled: quoth he,
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring I will give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the innermost main!"

Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion—
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide!
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes;
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face—
It pales—at the feet of her father she lies!
How priceless the guerdon! a moment—a breath—
And headlong he plunges to life and to death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell.
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

JAMES HOGG.

["The Ettrick Shepherd." Author of "The Queen's Wake," &c. Born 1772; died 1835.]

"MACGREGOR, Macgregor, remember our foemen;
The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond;
The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay;
Arise! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away."—
Stern scowled the Macgregor, then silent and sullen,
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan:
"Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed;
The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest."—
"Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying,
Three days, round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon;
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
We must meet them at home else they'll quickly be here."—
"The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him,
And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him;
This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind;
Thou knowest in the strife I was never behind,
Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man:
But I've sworn by the cross, by my God, and my all!
An oath which I cannot, and dare not recal—
Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.
"Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,
When entered a lady, with visage so wan,
And looks, such as never were fastened on man.
I knew her, O brother! I knew her too well!
Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
As would thrill thy bold heart; but how long she remained.
So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while,
Though, proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,
With length of existence no man can enjoy,
The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly!
The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,
Macgregor would dive to the mansions below.
Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
The present to shun and some respite to find,
I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

"She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone,
The glory and name of Macgregor were gone;
That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo
Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon
Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun:
That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common,
For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

"A parting embrace, in one moment she gave;
Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave!
Then flitting illusive, she said, with a frown,
'The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own!'"

"Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind;
The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind,
Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field—
See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield!
Ay, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,
When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.
This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue;
Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood will glue;
Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light:
It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed—
"No! not for the universe!" low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone:
To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone.
They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene!
O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching;
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill:
Young Malcolm, at distance couched, trembling the while—
Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem;
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
The glowworm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom;
A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
Like wold-fire at midnight, that glares on the waste.
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
No torrent, no rock, her velocity stayed;
She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.

Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen;
The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
Fled panting away, over river and isle,
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.
The fox fled in terror; the eagle awoke
As slumbering he dosed on the shelve of the rock;
Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew
And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.
Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.
Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" he bitterly cried;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream;
But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away—
Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye!

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

ANONYMOUS.

'Tis Saturday night, and the chill rain and sleet
Is swept by the wind down the long dreary street;
The lamps in the windows flicker and blink,
As the wild gale whistles through cranny and chink;
But round yon door huddles a shivering crowd
Of wretches, by pain and by penury bowed;
And oaths are muttered, and curses drop
From their lips as they stand by the Pawnbroker's Shop.

Visages, hardened and seared by sin;
Faces, bloated and pimpled with gin;
Crime, with its plunder, by poverty's side;
Beauty in ruins and broken-down pride.
Modesty's cheek crimsoned deeply with shame;
Youth's active form, age's fast-failing frame,
Have come forth from street, lane, alley, and stop,
Heart-sick, weary, and worn, at the Pawnbroker's Shop.

With the rain and the biting wind chilled to the bone,
Oh! how they gaze upon splendour, and groan!
Around them—above them—wherever they gaze,
There were jewels to dazzle and gold to amaze;
Velvets that tricked out some beautiful form;
Furs, which had shielded from winter and storm;
Crowded with "pledges" from bottom to top,
Are the chests and the shelves of the Pawnbroker's Shop.

There's a tear in the eye of yon beautiful girl,
As she parts with a trinket of ruby and pearl;
Once as red was her lip, and as pure was her brow;
But there came a destroyer, and what is she now?
Lured by liquor she bartered the gem of her fame,
And abandoned by virtue, forsaken by shame,
With no heart to pity, no kind hand to prop,
She finds her last friend in the Pawnbroker's Shop.

The spendthrift, for gold that to-morrow will fly;
The naked, to eke out a meagre supply;
The houseless, to rake up sufficient to keep
His head from the stones through the season of sleep:
The robber, his booty to turn into gold;
The shrinking, the timid, the bashful, the bold;
The penniless drunkard, to get "one more drop,"
All seek a resource in the Pawnbroker's Shop.

'Tis a record of ruin—a temple whose stones
Are cemented with blood, and whose music is groans;
Its pilgrims are children of want and despair;
Alike grief and guilt to its portals repair;
Oh! we need not seek fiction for records of woe;
Such are written too plainly wherever we go;
And sad lessons of life may be learned as we stop
'Neath the three golden balls of a Pawnbroker's Shop.

VENICE.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea,
The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,

Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating City—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, though Time had shatter'd them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.
Thither I came, and in a wondrous Ark
(That, long before we slipt our cable, rang
As with the voices of all living things),
From Padua, where the stars are, night by night,
Watched from the top of an old dungeon-tower,
Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezzelin—
Not as he watched them, when he read his fate
And shuddered. But of him I thought not then,
Him or his horoscope; far, far from me
The forms of Guilt and Fear; tho' some were there,
Sitting among us round the cabin-board,
Some who, like him, had cried, "Spill blood enough!"
And could shake long at shadows. They had played
Their parts at Padua, and were floating home,
Careless and full of mirth; to-morrow a day
Not in their Calendar.—Who in a strain
To make the hearer fold his arms and sigh,
Sings, "Caro, Caro!"—'Tis the Prima Donna,
And to her monkey, smiling in his face,
Who, as transported, cries, "Brava! Ancora!"
'Tis a grave personage, an old macaw,
Perched on her shoulder.—But who leaps ashore,
And with a shout urges the lagging mules;
Then climbs a tree that overhangs the stream,
And, like an acorn, drops on deck again?
'Tis he who speaks not, stirs not, but we laugh;
That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.
And mark their Poet—with what emphasis
He prompts the young Soubrette, conning her part!
Her tongue plays truant, and he raps his box,
And prompts again; for ever looking round
As if in search of subjects for his wit,
His satire; and as often whispering
Things, though unheard, not unimaginable.
At length we leave the river for the sea,
At length a voice aloft proclaims "Venezia!"
And, as called forth, she comes.

A few in fear
Flying away from him whose boast it was,
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the waterfowl,
They built their nests among the ocean-waves;
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north or south—where they that came,
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast Metropolis, with glistering spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorned;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.
And whence the talisman, whereby she rose,
Towering? 'Twas found there in the barren sea.
Want led to Enterprise; and, far or near,
Who met not the Venetian?—now among
The Ægean Isles, steering from port to port,
Landing and bartering; now, no stranger there,
In Cairo, or without the eastern gate,
Ere yet the Cafila came, listening to hear
Its bells approaching from the Red Sea coast;
Then on the Euxine, and that smaller Sea
Of Azoph, in close converse with the Russ,
And Tartar; on his lowly deck receiving
Pearls from the Persian Gulf, gems from Golcond;
Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love,
From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round,
When in the rich bazaar he saw, displayed,
Treasures from climes unknown, he ask'd and learnt,
And, travelling slowly upward, drew ere long
From the well-head, supplying all below;
Making the Imperial City of the East,
Herself, his tributary.
If we turn
To those black forests, where, through many an age,
Night without day, no axe the silence broke,
Or seldom, save where Rhine or Danube rolled;
Where o'er the narrow glen a castle hangs,
And, like the wolf that hungered at his door,
The baron lived by rapine—there we meet,
In warlike guise, the Caravan from Venice;
When on its march, now lost and now beheld,
A glittering file (the trumpet heard, the scout
Sent and recalled) but at a city-gate
All gaiety, and looked for ere it comes;
Winning regard with all that can attract,
Cages, whence every wild cry of the desert,

Jugglers, stage-dancers. Well might Charlemain,
And his brave peers, each with his visor up,
On their long lances lean and gaze awhile,
When the Venetian to their eyes disclosed
The wonders of the East! Well might they then
Sigh for new conquests!
Thus did Venice rise,
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
From India, from the region of the sun,
Fragrant with spices—that a way was found,
A channel opened, and the golden stream
Turned to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing, yet awhile maintained
Her state, her splendour; till a tempest shook
All things most held in honour among men,
All that the giant with the scythe had spared,
To their foundations, and at once she fell;
She who had stood yet longer than the last
Of the Four Kingdoms—who, as in an ark,
Had floated down, amid a thousand wrecks,
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New,
From the last glimpse of civilized life—to where
Light shone again, and with the blaze of noon.
Through many an age in the mid-sea she dwelt,
From her retreat calmly contemplating
The changes of the earth, herself unchanged.
Before her passed, as in an awful dream,
The mightiest of the mighty. What are these,
Clothed in their purple? O'er the globe they fling
Their monstrous shadows; and, while yet we speak,
Phantom-like, vanish with a dreadful scream!
What—but the last that styled themselves the Cæsars?
And who in long array (look where they come;
Their gestures menacing so far and wide)
Wear the green turban and the heron's plume!
Who—but the Caliphs? followed fast by shapes
As new and strange—Emperor, and King, and Czar,
And Soldan, each, with a gigantic stride,
Trampling on all the flourishing works of peace
To make his greatness greater, and inscribe
His name in blood—some, men of steel, steel-clad;
Others, nor long, alas, the interval,
In light and gay attire, with brow serene
Wielding Jove's thunder, scattering sulphurous fire
Mingled with darkness; and among the rest,
Lo, one by one, passing continually,
Those who assume a sway beyond them all;

Men grey with age, each in a triple crown,
And in his tremulous hands grasping the keys
That can alone, as he would signify,
Unlock heaven's gate.

LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

[Author of "The Last Days of Herculaneum" (1821), and "The Fall of Nineveh" (1828); poems in blank verse.]

THERE was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous, and brave, and kind.
He had a son, it was a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture. In her pangs she died
That gave him birth; and ever since, the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
The father shared and heightened. But at length
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot
He felt in all its bitterness:—the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched
His gaoler with compassion;—and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence that in every wound
Dropt healing. But in this terrific hour
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure.

With earliest morn,
Of that first day of darkness and amaze
He came. The iron door was closed—for them
Never to open more! The day, the night,
Dragged slowly by: nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,

And felt its giddy rocking; and the air
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state. On his low couch
The fettered soldier sunk—and with deep awe
Listened the fearful sounds:—with upturned eye
To the great gods he breathed a prayer:—then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep a while
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:—
His body burned with feverish heat;—his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders:—sounds
Fearful and ominous arose and died
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before;—cold clammy sweats
Came o'er him;—then anon a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk
And shivered as in fear:—now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death.

He slept at last,
A troubled dreamy sleep. Well—had he slept
Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth: the lightnings glanced:—the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke;—they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine—and was dark:—
Again a flood of white flame fills the cell;
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness. With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting—and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain:—yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless
Wound fate had already given. Where, man of woe!
Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou callest
His name in vain:—he cannot answer thee.

Loudly the father called upon his child:—
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw:—with headlong haste
Trod round his stinted limits, and low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth:—no child was there.
Again he called:—again at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters—till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed—he strained with arm extended far
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!
Yet still renewed:—still round and round he goes,
And strains and snatches—and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now;
He plants against the wall his feet;—his chain
Grasps—tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple;—yells and shrieks with rage,
And like a desert lion in the snare
Raging to break his toils—to and fro bounds.
But see! the ground is opening:—a blue light
Mounts, gently waving—noiseless:—thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;
But by its lustre, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child!—his dress singed,
And over his serene face a dark line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw—
And all his fury fled:—a dead calm fell
That instant on him:—speechless, fixed he stood,
And with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed—and round those pouting lips
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale
The father stands:—no tear is in his eye:
The thunders bellow—but he hears them not:
The ground lifts like a sea:—he knows it not:
The strong walls grind and gape:—the vaulted roof
Takes shapes like bubbles tossing in the wind:—
See! he looks up and smiles;—for death to him
Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.
It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves towards the father's outstretched arm his boy:—
Once he has touched his garment:—how his eye
Lightens with love—and hope—and anxious fears!

Ha! see! he has him now!—he clasps him round,
Kisses his face;—puts back the curling locks
That shaded his fine brow:—looks in his eyes—
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands—
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping—and resigned awaits
Undreaded death.

And death came soon and swift,
And pangless.

The huge pile sunk down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
And deep foundation stones—all mingling fell!

GILDEROY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[Author of "The Pleasures of Hope" and other standard poems. Also of several naval odes, unsurpassed in the English language. Born 1777; died 1844.]

THE last, the fatal hour is come
That bears my love from me;
I hear the dead-note of the drum,
I mark the gallows-tree!

The bell has toll'd—it shakes my heart—
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom,
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier!

Oh! Gilderoy, bethought we then
So soon, so sad, to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart!

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear, upon the scaffold-floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue!
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!

A long adieu!—but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes, they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thy orphan boy!
Alas! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away!

THE MARRIAGE RING.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

[Son of a barber who, by affording his son the first rudiments of a learned education, was rewarded by becoming the father of a bishop. For eloquence Taylor is unrivalled in English literature. Born 1613; died 1667.]

LIFE or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again, and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their

troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness; and the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies, for they fell into the snare by entering an improper way; Christ and the Church were no ingredients in their choice; but as the Indian women enter into folly for the price of an elephant, and think their crime warrantable, so do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, and show themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty, or sweet nature to their relative! the odd thousand pounds would gladly be allowed in good nature and fair manners. As very a fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; it is an ill band of affections to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white. And they can love no longer but until the next ague comes; and they are fond of each other but at the chance of fancy, or the small-pox, or care, or time, or anything that can destroy a pretty flower.

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are as pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven, she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows, and blessing itself cannot make him happy

THE LOSS OF THE "DRAKE."

J. H. Jesse.

There's a garden full of roses, there's a cottage by the Dove,
And the trout stream flows and frets beneath the o'er-hanging crags above;

There's a seat beneath the tulip tree, the sunbeams never scorch,
There's jessamine on those cottage walls, there's woodbine round the porch.
A gallant seaman planted them—he perished long ago,
He perished on the ocean wave, but not against the foe.

He parted with his little ones beneath that tulip tree—
His boy was by his father's side, his darling on his knee;
"Heaven bless thee, little Emma; night and morning you must pray
To heaven on high, who'll shield thee, love, when I am far away.
Nay, weep not! if He wills it, I shall soon be back from sea;
Then how we'll laugh and romp and dance around the tulip tree!

"Heaven bless thee too, my gallant boy! the God who rules the main
Can only tell if you and I shall ever meet again.
If I perish on the ocean wave, when I am dead and gone,
You'll be left with little Emma in a heartless world alone.
Your home must be her home, my boy, whenever you're a man,
You must love her, you must guard her, as a brother only can.

"There's no such thing as fear, my boy, to those who trust on high,
But to part with all we prize on earth, brings moisture to the eye.
There's a grave in Ham churchyard—there's a rose-tree marks the grave,
'Tis thy mother's grave, go pray there when I'm sailing on the wave;
Think too sometimes of thy father when thou kneel'st upon that sod,
How he lived but for his children, for his country, and his God."

Farewell, farewell! thou gallant ship! thy course will soon be o'er,
There are mournful hearts on board thee, there are breaking hearts on shore.
The mother mourned her sailor boy, the maiden mourned her love,
And one on deck was musing on a cottage by the Dove,
But his features were unmoved, as if all feeling lay congealed,
They little knew how soft a heart that manly form concealed.

Beware, beware, thou gallant ship! there's many a rock ahead,
And the mist is mantling round thee, like a shroud around the dead.
The listless crew lay idly grouped, and idly flapped the sail,
And the sea bird pierced the vapour with a melancholy wail;
So hushed the scene, they little deemed that danger was at hand,
Till they heard the distant breakers as they rolled upon the strand.

The winds were roused, the mist cleared off, the mighty tempest rose,
And cheeks were blanched that never yet had paled before their foes,

For the waves that heaved beneath them, bore them headlong to the rock,
And face to face with death they stood, in terror of the shock.
A crash was heard, the ocean yawned, then foamed upon the deck,
And the gallant *Drake* dismasted on the ocean lay a wreck.

On that rock they've found a refuge, but the waves that dash its side,
They know must sweep them from it at the flowing of the tide,
With the giant crags before them and the boiling surge between;
There was one alone stood dauntless 'mid the horrors of the scene.
They watch the waters rising, each with aspect of dismay;
They looked upon their fearless chief, and terror passed away.

There's a gallant seaman battling with the perils of the main,
They saw the waves o'erwhelm him thrice, but thrice he rose again,
He bears a rope around him, that may link them to the beach.
One struggle more, thou valiant man! the shore's within thy reach.
Now blest be He who rules on high, though some may die to-night,
There are more will live to brave again the tempest and the fight.

They gathered round their gallant chief, they urged him to descend,
For they loved him as a father, and he loved them as a friend.
Nay, go ye first, my faithful crew! to love is to obey!
'Gainst the cutlass or the cannon would I gladly lead the way,
But I stir not hence till all are safe, since danger's in the rear,
While I live I claim obedience! if I die I ask a tear.

With a smile to cheer the timid, and a hand to help the weak,
There was firmness in his accents, there was hope upon his cheek.
A hundred men are safe on shore, but one is left behind:
There's a shriek is mingling wildly with the wailings of the wind.
The rope has snapped! Almighty God! the noble and the brave
Is left alone to perish at the flowing of the wave!

'Midst the foaming of the breakers and the howling of the storm;
'Midst the crashing of the timbers stood that solitary form.
He thought upon his distant home, then raised his look on high,
And thought upon another home—a home beyond the sky;
Sublimer than the elements, his spirit was at rest,
And calm as if his little one was nestling on his breast.

In agony they watched him as each feature grew elate,
As with folded arms and fearless mien he waited for his fate.
Now seen above the breakers, and now hidden by the spray,
As stealthily but surely heaved the ocean to its prey;
A fiercer wave rolled onward, with the wild gust on its wake,
And lifeless on the billows lay the Captain of the *Drake!*

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EXCELSIOR.

H. W. Longfellow.

[A celebrated American poet, author of "Evangeline," &c. Born 1807; still living.]

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller by the faithful hound
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

THE DAUGHTER OF MEATH.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

TURGESIUS, the chief of a turbulent band,
Came over from Norway and conquer'd the land:
Rebellion had smooth'd the invader's career,
The natives shrank from him, in hate, or in fear;
While Erin's proud spirit seem'd slumb'ring in peace,
In secret it panted for death—or release.

The tumult of battle was hush'd for awhile,—
Turgesius was monarch of Erin's fair isle,
The sword of the conqueror slept in its sheath,
His triumphs were honour'd with trophy and wreath;
The princes of Erin despair'd of relief,
And knelt to the lawless Norwegian chief.

His heart knew the charm of a woman's sweet smile,
But ne'er till he came to this beautiful isle,
Did he know with what mild, yet resistless control,
That sweet smile can conquer a conqueror's soul:
And oh! 'mid the sweet smiles most sure to enthral,
He soon met with one—he thought sweetest of all.

The brave Prince of Meath had a daughter as fair
As the pearls of Loch Neagh which encircled her hair;
The tyrant beheld her, and cried, "She shall come
To reign as the queen of my gay mountain home;
Ere sunset to-morrow hath crimson'd the sea,
Melachlin, send forth thy young daughter to me!"

Awhile paused the Prince—too indignant to speak,
There burn'd a reply in his glance—on his cheek:

But quickly that hurried expression was gone,
And calm was his manner, and mild was his tone.
He answered—"Ere sunset hath crimson'd the sea,
To-morrow—I'll send my young daughter to thee."

"At sunset to-morrow your palace forsake,
With twenty young chiefs seek the isle on yon lake;
And there in its coolest and pleasantest shades,
My child shall await you with twenty fair maids:
Yes—bright as my armour the damsels shall be,
I send with my daughter, Turgesius, to thee."

Turgesius return'd to his palace; to him
The sports of that evening seem'd languid and dim;
And tediously long was the darkness of night,
And slowly the morning unfolded its light;
The sun seem'd to linger—as if it would be
An age ere his setting would crimson the sea.

At length came the moment—the King and his band
With rapture push'd out their light boat from the land;
And bright shone the gems on their armour, and bright
Flash'd their fast-moving oars in the setting sun's light;
And long ere they landed, they saw through the trees
The maidens' white garments that waved in the breeze.

More strong in the lake was the dash of each oar,
More swift the gay vessel flew on to the shore;
Its keel touch'd the pebbles—but over the surf
The youths in a moment had leap'd to the turf,
And rushed to a shady retreat in the wood,
Where many veiled forms mute and motionless stood.

"Say, which is Melachlin's fair daughter? away
With these veils," cried Turgesius, "no longer delay;
Resistance is vain, we will quickly behold
Which robe hides the loveliest face in its fold;
These clouds shall no longer o'ershadow our bliss,
Let each seize a veil—and my trophy be this!"

He seized a white veil, and before him appear'd
No fearful weak girl—but a foe to be fear'd!
A youth—who sprang forth from his female disguise,
Like lightning that flashes from calm summer skies:
His hand grasp'd a weapon, and wild was the joy
That shone in the glance of the warrior boy.

And under each white robe a youth was conceal'd,
Who met his opponent with sword and with shield.

Turgesius was slain—and the maidens were blest
Melachlin's fair daughter more blithe than the rest;
And ere the last sunbeam had crimson'd the sea,
They hailed the boy-victors—and Erin was free!

THE SUICIDE.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

[Author of "Tales of the Hall," &c. A poet whose "short and simple annals of the poor" exhibited an accurate knowledge of human nature, but who too often showed only its dark side. Born 1754; died 1832.]

SHE left her infant on the Sunday morn—
A creature doom'd to sin—in sorrow born;
She came not home to share our humble meal,
Her father thinking what his child might feel
From his hard sentence. Still she came not home.
The night grew dark, and yet she was not come;
The east wind roar'd, the sea returned the sound,
And the rain fell, as if the world were drown'd;
There were no lights without, and my goodman
To kindness frightened—with a groan began
To talk of Ruth and pray—and then he took
The Bible down, and read the holy book:
For he had learning, and when that was done
He sat in silence.—Whither could we run,
He said—and then rush'd frightened from the door,
For we could bear our own conceits no more.
We call'd our neighbours—there she had not been:
We met some wanderers—ours they had not seen;
We hurried o'er the beach, both north and south,
Then joined and hurried to our haven's mouth,
Where rush'd the falling waters wildly out;
I scarcely heard the goodman's fearful shout,
Who saw a something on the billow's side,
And heaven have mercy on our sins, he cried,
It is my child—and to the present hour
So he believes that spirits have the power.

And she was gone—the waters wide and deep
Roll'd o'er her body as she lay asleep.
She heard no more the angry waves and wind,
She heard no more the threat'nings of mankind;
Wrapt in dark weeds, the refuse of the storm,
To the hard rock was borne her comely form.

But oh! what storm was in that mind! what strife,
That could compel her to lay down her life!
For she was seen within the sea to wade
By one at a distance, when she first had pray'd:

Then to a rock within the hither shoal,
Softly, and with a fearful step she stole!
Then, when she gain'd it, on the top she stood
A moment still—and dropp'd into the flood!

ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

PATRICK HENRY.

[Henry was an American patriot, who distinguished himself by speeches opposing Great Britain, at the breaking out of the revolutionary war.]

MR. PRESIDENT,—It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope; we are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren till she transforms us unto beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir, it will prove a snare to your feet; suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for

no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held it up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest: there is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston: the war is inevitable, and let it come; I repeat it, sir—let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps

from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty, or give me death!

SWEET MARY.

THE REV. J. WOLFE.

[An Irish divine. Born 1791; died 1823.]

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er,
That I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon thy face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay even as thou art,
All cold, and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

JOHN MILTON.

[The immortal author of "Paradise Lost." Born 1608; died 1674.]

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light—
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs,
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day ariseth, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's Great Author, rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: Ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still,
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

SLAVERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

[Author of "The World before the Flood" and other poems, and many beautiful hymns. Born 1771; died 1854.]

'TWAS night:—his babes around him lay at rest,
Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast:
A yell of murder rang around their bed;
They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled;
Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound, they drove them far away;
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood;
Then were the wretched ones asunder torn
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne.
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.
Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark one blue unbroken sphere;

When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the water shine;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
When swollen with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

EVIL EFFECTS OF SUPPRESSING INQUIRY.

JOHN MILTON.

BEHOLD, now, this vast city,* a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others, as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. This is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so, when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. *Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing† her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at*

* London.

† *Mewing*, that is, *moulting*, casting off old and damaged feathers,

the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do, then? Should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up, and yet springing daily, in this city? Should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers* over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us; liberty, which is the nurse of all great wits,—this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits, like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders, of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you, then, must first become that which you cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that, unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children; and who shall then stick closest to ye and excite others? Not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt.† Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet I love my peace better, if that were all. *Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.*

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that their place may be supplied with new and uninjured ones. This refers to the conduct of the people in rejecting old opinions and abolishing old institutions, and replacing them by others.

* Monopolizers.

† The Danegelt was a tax levied by King Ethelred to defray the expense of resisting the invasions of the Danes, or to purchase peace by an ignominious tribute; it was abolished by Stephen.

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS TO OPPOSE CÆSAR.

SHAKSPEARE.

HONOUR is the subject of my story:
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but for my single self,
I'd rather not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar. So were you.
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
Then as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, "Give me some drink, Titinius"—
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone!
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we sorry dwarfs
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men sometimes have been masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the Great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more than one man?
When could they say, till now, who talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The infernal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king!

THE BROTHERS.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

[Author of "The Pleasures of Memory," "Italy," &c. A rich London banker. Born 1762; died 1855.]

In the same hour the breath of life receiving,
They came together and were beautiful;
But, as they slumbered in their mother's lap,
How mournful was their beauty! She would sit,
And look and weep, and look and weep again;
For Nature had but half her work achieved.
Denying, like a step-dame, to the babes
Her noblest gifts; denying speech to one
And to the other—reason.

But, at length,
(Seven years gone by, seven melancholy years)
Another came, as fair, and fairer still;
And now, how anxiously the mother watched
Till reason dawned and speech declared itself!
Reason and speech were his; and down she knelt
Clasping her hands in silent ecstasy.

On the hill-side, where still the cottage stands,
('Tis near the upper falls in Lauterbrounn;
For there I sheltered once, their frugal hearth
Blazing with mountain-pine when I appeared,
And there, as round they sate, I heard their story,)
On the hill-side, among the cataracts,
In happy ignorance the children played;
Alike unconscious, through their cloudless day,
Of what they had and had not; everywhere
Gathering rock-flowers; or, with their utmost might,
Loosening the fragment from the precipice,
And, as it tumbled, listening for the plunge;
Yet, as by instinct, at the 'customed hour
Returning; the two eldest, step by step,
Lifting along, and with the tenderest care,
Their infant-brother.

Once the hour was past;
And, when she sought, she sought and could not find;
And when she found—Where was the little one?
Alas! they answered not; yet still she asked,
Still in her grief forgetting.

With a scream,
Such as an eagle sends forth, when he soars,
A scream that through the woods scattered dismay,
The idiot boy looked up into the sky,
And leaped and laughed aloud and leaped again;
As if he wished to follow in its flight
Something just gone—and gone from earth to heaven;
While he, whose every gesture, every look
Went to the heart, for from the heart it came,
He who nor spoke nor heard, all things to him,
Day after day, as silent as the grave,
(To him unknown the melody of birds,
Of waters—and the voice that should have soothed
His infant-sorrows, singing him to sleep,)
Fled to her mantle as for refuge there,
And, as at once o'ercome with fear and grief,
Covered his head and wept. A dreadful thought
Flashed through her brain. "Has not some bird of prey,
Thirsting to dip his beak in innocent blood—
It must, it must be so!"—And so it was.

There was an eagle that had long acquired
Absolute sway, the lord of a domain.
Savage, sublime; nor from the hills alone
Gathering large tribute, but from every vale;
Making the ewe, whene'er he deigned to stoop,
Bleat for the lamb. Great was the recompense

Assured to him who laid the tyrant low;
And near his nest, in that eventful hour,
Calmly and patiently, a hunter stood,
A hunter, as it chanced, of old renown,
And, as it chanced, their father.
In the south
A speck appeared, enlarging; and ere long,
As on his journey to the golden sun,
Upward he came, ascending through the clouds,
That, like a dark and troubled sea, obscured
The world beneath.—"But what is in his grasp?
Ha! 'tis a child—and may it not be ours?
I dare not, cannot; and yet why forbear,
When, if it lives, a cruel death awaits it?
May He, who winged the shaft when Tell stood forth,
And shot the apple from the youngling's head,
Grant me the strength, the courage"——As he spoke,
He aimed, he fired; and at his feet they fell,
The eagle and the child; the child unhurt;
Though, such the grasp, not even in death relinquished.

FORGIVENESS.

ANONYMOUS.

A SOLDIER, whose regiment lay in a garrison town in England, was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had been often punished. "*Here he is again,*" (said the officer, on his name being mentioned) "flogging—disgrace—solitary confinement—everything—has been tried with him." Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said, "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that?" said the officer. "Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven." "Forgiven!" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected for a few minutes, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge? "Nothing, sir," was his reply, "only, I am sorry for what I have done." Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him, saying, "Well, we have tried everything with you, and now we are resolved to—forgive you!" The soldier was struck dumb with amazement! The tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; and thanking his officer, he retired.—To be the old, refractory, incorrigible man? No! from that day forward, he was

a new man. He who told us the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the Queen's colours. In him kindness bent one whom harshness could not break. The man was conquered by mercy, and melted by love.

Have you to do with one with whom you have tried every kind of punishment in vain? The next time you are going to strike the blow, stay your hand, and say, "Well, I have tried everything with you; now I have resolved to forgive you." Who knows but you also may touch the secret chord of that heart, and find the exquisite lines of the Poet true:—

Each block of marble in the mine
  Conceals the Paphian Queen:
Apollo robed in light divine,
  And Pallas, the serene:—
It only needs the lofty thought,
  To give the glories birth;
And lo! by skilful fingers wrought,
  They captivate the earth!

So—in the hardest human heart,
  One little well appears,
A fountain in some hidden part,
  Brimful of gentle tears:
It only needs the master touch
  Of love's or pity's hand;
And lo! the rock with water bursts,
  And gushes o'er the land.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

[Author of "The Bard" and a few odes allowed to be unsurpassed in the harmonious flow of their measure and finished diction. Was professor of modern history at Cambridge. Born 1716; died 1771.]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world—to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed;
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour!
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined:
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse
The place of fame and eulogy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralists to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires!
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say—
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne—
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send.
He gave to misery all he had—a tear:
He gain'd from heaven—('twas all he wish'd)—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[A great and original genius, but dissipated man. Born at Baltimore, U.S.A. 1811; died, in a hospital there, 1849.]

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow,—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before:
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,—
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he,—not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore.
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow He will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters, is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devi
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this Home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us,—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!—
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—Nevermore!

LABOUR.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[Author of "The History of the French Revolution" and numerous historical and biographical works. Born 1795; is now (1867) Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh.]

Two men I honour and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hand, hard and coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face all weather tanned, besoiled, with his rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly, him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavouring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavours are one: when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return that he may have light, guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

* * * * * * * * *

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other

blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable except to faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.

THE BRAVE.

J. E. Carpenter.

Who are the brave? the warriors bold
That slaughter their fellow men for gold
That risk their lives in the battle fray?
Daring they are—not brave are they.
The Hindoo widow mounts the pile,
And meets her death with a placid smile,
The veriest coward for death will crave;—
He who struggles for bread is the truly brave.

Who are the brave? the brave are they
Who toil at the loom from day to day;
Who dig and delve in the open field
For the miserly pittance their labour'll yield;
The millions who work with hand or head
For little beyond their daily bread;
Ever to want, and never to save,
The rich man's slaves are the truly brave.

Who are the brave? the suffering host
That never of wealth had chance to boast,
Yet never have fallen or turn'd aside
From the path of truth, or of honest pride:
But who spurn the tempter, come what may,
That their lives may be pure as the open day;
Who ask not a trophy to deck their grave,
The Honest and Poor are the truly brave.

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

[Author of "The School for Scandal" and other comedies; was highly celebrated as an orator, a member of Parliament, and privy councillor. Born 1751; died 1816.]

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No! you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate—we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds; who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride!—They offer us their protection:—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them. They call upon us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all such change as they would bring us.

A GLASS OF COLD WATER.

G. B. GOUGH.

[The celebrated American temperance lecturer.]

WHERE is the liquor which God the eternal brews for all his children? Not in the simmering Still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odours, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child

loves to play; there God brews it. And down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar; the chorus sweeping the march of God: there he brews it—that beverage of life and health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun; or a white gauze around the midnight moon.

Sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and waving the many-coloured iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven; all chequered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths; no drunken shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair; speak on, my friends, would you exchange it for demon's drink, alcohol!

THE LOST CHILD.

EDWARD FITZBALL.

[An exceedingly popular and successful dramatic author; has written many songs which have become standard ones in ballad literature.]

HE wandered from his mother's side
  Into the deep woods, far away,—
The woods, where human monsters hide,
  And deadly serpents seek their prey.

And yet they never injured him
  If any crossed his path of flow'rs;
Perhaps an angel came between—
  Watching his young unconscious hours?

From flower to flower, from tree to tree,
  O'er many a rippling stream he crost
Into the wild rose crept the bee—
  The sun went down—the child was '

A pensive gloom spread all around;
Bewildered, and alone, he wept;
Then sat himself upon the ground,
And calling for his father, slept.

The morning dawn'd all golden bright,
The buds peep'd forth with fresher bloom;
The child woke up in new delight,
And marvell'd father had not come.

Another day, another night,
In summer quickly how they pass;
At length, stern hunger's withering blight
Prostrates poor Charley on the grass.

With bleeding feet, and weary eyes,
And sunken cheek he looks around,
Asking for food, helpless he lies—
Then dreams of home, in sleep profound.

His dreams are of his mother's knee,
The kitten, and the cotton-reel,
With feelings full of love and glee,
As only little children feel.

Vainly they seek him everywhere
Save the *one* spot where he is lying,
While the dark pencil of despair
Pictures him suffering, starving, dying—

Dying without a mother's hand
To close those little eyes so dear,
To press those lips so pale and bland,
Whose last sigh angels only hear.

The father's woe, for her suppressed—
He fain would breathe the prayer forgot;
Nerving with courage false his breast,
Speaking of hope that felt it not.

The stars have risen bright again;
The midnight clock strikes long and loud;
The moonbeams fall o'er hill and plain,
Like the white shadow of a shroud.

All search is o'er; the ominous bird
Shrieks its death-cry to desolate hearts.
The forest sleeps: no sound is heard;
Yet hark! What's that? The father starts;

"List," he exclaims, "I hear the dog:
He barks; but not enraged—'tis joy.
Mercy, oh! high Supreme, I beg—
I feel that he has found our boy."

A cold thrill overcomes the wife,
She dares not go where *he* is gone;
It is not death, it is not life,
That freezes thus her heart to stone.

Quick from that spell her senses break,
As, by the magic of a sound
Sweet as the harps of angels make,
Her husband's voice, cries "God! he's found."

They've found him in a sleep like death,
But still not dead: one half-hour more,
The tiny streamlet of that breath
Its span of earth had dimpled o'er.

They've placed him on his fairy bed,
They've fed him with his little spoon,
A drop of wine, a sop of bread.
The cuckoo clock now tells 'tis noon.

That homely sound unlocks his eyes;
He sees his mother standing by;
In sweet confusion of surprise,
He pushes forth a joyous cry.

His tender arms twine round her neck,
His rosy lips to hers are given,
To what pure bliss the senses wake—
That wake thus, in a child's first heaven.

And now he greets his father's face,
That smile, those looks so dearly known,
So full of love, so full of grace—
The grown resemblance of his own.

He grasps the darkly clustering hair,
And one bright little tear lets fall,
Exclaiming, like an angel's prayer,
"*Why you not come when Charley call?*"

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LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd, amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover!
One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief—
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief—
My daughter!—oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain!—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

THE PASSIONS.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

[A highly gifted, but unfortunate English poet, utterly neglected in his lifetime, whose odes and eclogues now rank highly. Born 1720; died 1756.]

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the muse's painting.
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound.
And, as they oft have heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, his skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings.
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits—by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song.
And where her sweetest themes she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe:
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat.
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now, it courted Love; now, raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay—
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung:
The Hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green.
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leap'd up and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempé's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

YORICK'S DEATH.

LAWRENCE STERNE.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stepped in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand, and after thanking

him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. "I hope not," answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—"I hope not, Yorick," said he. Yorick replied with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand—and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. "Come, come, Yorick!" quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him; "my dear lad be comforted; let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them. Who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?" Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. "For my part," continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, "I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes," added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, "that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it." "I beseech thee, Eugenius," quoth Yorick, taking off his nightcap as well as he could with his left hand—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—"I beseech thee to take a view of my head." "I see nothing that ails it," replied Eugenius. "Then, alas! my friend," said Yorick, "let me tell you that it is so bruised and misshaped with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and 'mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.'" Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart, as he uttered this; yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone, and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) "were wont to set the table in a roar!"

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broke. He squeezed his hand, and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door; he then closed them, and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:—

Alas, Poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his

monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him. A footway crossing the churchyard close by his grave, not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, and sighing as he walks on,

ALAS, POOR YORICK

THE WRECK OF THE OUTWARD-BOUND.

THE REV. DR. GEORGE ASPINALL.

(*Founded upon Fact.*)

'TIS fifty-seven long years ago
Since seven ships rode the main,
From Dantzic bound for England's shore
With golden grain.

Their canvas sails were well unfurl'd,
And to the distant sight
They look'd like sea-birds spreading out
Their wings of white.

The captains seven had blithesome thoughts
As bright as the blue sky;
Large share of profits would be theirs
For grain sold high.

The sailors were what sailors are
When met with at their best,
A frank and jovial crew with not
One care opprest.

But blithest of the captains seven
And young to look upon,
Were two whose wives had newly borne
To each a son.

Each thought perchance on his girl-wife
And on his first-born child;
No marvel then their hearts were nigh
With joyance wild.

Pramscriven was the name of one,
And Schultz the other's name:
Meanwhile the ships each day more near
To England came.

When lo! the weather changed, no more
Serene was wave and sky;
The gales of equinox were on
And roar'd on high.

The fleet is off the Sussex coast,
But mists are round it spread;
They know not where they are, but think
By Beechey Head!

The stars by sullen clouds were quench'd,
The moon shone out no more;
The cutting hail came down, the wind
Blew dead ashore.

It moan'd and whistled up the seams
Of cliffs as white as snow,
That like grim ghosts from Seaford scann'
The sea below.

And tow'rds those fatal rocks and cliffs
They drift up Seaford's Bay
Like straws upon the stream, and nought
Their course can stay.

As black as Erebus the night.
Onwards towards cliff and rock
They hold their way till each keel strikes
With sudden shock.

They struck, and there was none to help,
No pow'r on earth could save;
Each vessel sunk with all on board
Beneath the wave!

Their death-shriek rose, but rose in vain
On the deaf ear of night;
And when the morning dawn'd, no sign
Appall'd the sight.

But as the days wore on the sea
Gave up its ghastly store;
And mangled corpses one by one
Were cast on shore.

And two were there whose higher grade
Was guess'd by garb and mien;
And on the linen each one wore
A name was seen.

Pramscriven, so the first was call'd
(The mark in blue silk done
P'rhaps by the dead man's wife), and Schultz,
The other one.

So in Saint Leonard's churchyard bleak
They buried them in trust:
Ashes to ashes lying there,
And dust to dust;

In Gospel Hope and Christian Faith,
That though beneath the sod
Their *clay* repos'd, the sailors' *souls*
Were with their God!

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THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

COATES.

DARK is the night! how dark!—no light! no fire!
Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle-side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'tis his footstep! No—'tis past: 'tis gone:
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed 'twould last;—how mad! how blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—rest on! 'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—for there is no food! the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done;
My heart must break!—And thou!"——The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there!
For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child!—*his* child!—Oh fiend!"——The clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!
Moan!—Moan!—A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha!—'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more—
—'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it cannot be. He will be here.

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! But we will not part.
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh Heaven! protect my child!"——The clock strikes three.

They're gone! they're gone! The glimmering spark hath fled,
The wife and child are number'd with the dead!
On the cold hearth, out-stretched in solemn rest
The child lies frozen on its mother's breast!
—The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reigned around—he groaned—he spoke no more!

SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

(*Adapted for Recitation.*)

Emma. O, the fresh morning! Heaven's kind messenger,
That never empty-handed comes, to those
Who know to use its gifts.—Praise be to him
Who loads it still, and bids it constant run
The errand of his bounty!—Praise be to him!
We need his care that on the mountain's cliff
Lodge by the storm, and cannot lift our eyes,
But piles on piles of everlasting snows,
O'erhanging us, remind us of his mercy!

Enter ALBERT.

Alb. My mother!
Emma. Albert!
Alb. [*Advancing.*] Bless thee!
Emma. Bless thee, Albert!
How early were you up?
Alb. Before the sun.
Emma. Ay, strive with him. He never lies a-bed

When it is time to rise. He ever is
The constant'st workman, that goes through his task,
And shows us how to work by setting to't
With smiling face; for labour's light as ease
To him that toils with cheerfulness. Be like
The sun.

Alb. What you would have me like, I'll be like,
As far as will to labour join'd can make me.

Emma. Well said, my boy! Knelt you when you got up
To-day?

Alb. I did; and do so every day!

Emma. I know you do! And think you, when you kneel
To whom you kneel?

Alb. To Him who made me, mother.

Emma. And in whose name?

Alb. The name of Him who died
For me and all men, that all men and I,
By trust in Him, might live.

Emma. Remember that!
Forget all things but that—remember that!
'Tis more than friend or fortune; clothing, food;
All things of earth; yea, life itself. It is
To live when these are gone, where they are nought,
With God! my son, remember that!

Alb. I will.

Emma. You have been early up, when I, that play'd
The sluggard in comparison, am up
Full early; for the highest peaks alone,
As yet, behold the sun. Now, tell me what
You ought to ponder, when you see the sun
So shining on the peak?

Alb. That as the peak
Feels not the pleasant sun, or feels it least!
So they who highest stand in fortune's smile,
Are gladdened by it least, or not at all!

Emma. The lesson that's remember'd pays the teacher!
And what's the profit you should turn this to?

Alb. Rather to place my good in what I have,
Than think it worthless, wishing to have more:
For more is not more happiness, so oft
As less.

Emma. I'm glad you husband what you learn.
That is the lessson of content, my son;
He who finds which, has all—who misses—nothing!

Alb. Content is a good thing.

Emma. A thing, the good
Alone can profit by.

Alb. My father's good.

Emma. What say'st thou, boy?
Alb. I say my father's good.
Emma. Yes; he is good! What then?
Alb. I do not think
He is content—I'm sure he's not content;
Nor would I be content, were I a man,
And Gesler seated on the rock of Altorf!
A man may lack content, and yet be good.
Emma. I did not say *all* good men find content.—
I would be busy; leave me.
Alb. You're not angry?
Emma. No, no, my boy.
Alb. You'll kiss me?
Emma. Will I not!
The time will come you will not ask your mother
To kiss you!
Alb. Never!
Emma. Not when you're a man?
Alb. I would not be a man to see that time:
I'd rather die, now that I am a child,
Than live to be a man, and not love you!
Emma. Live—live to be a man and love your mother!

[*They embrace*—ALBERT *runs off* R.

Why should my heart sink? 'tis for this we rear them!
Cherish their tiny limbs; pine if a thorn
But mar their tender skin; gather them to us
Closer than miser hugs his bag of gold;
Bear more for them than slave, who makes his flesh
A casket for the rich purloinèd gem—
To send them forth into the wintry world
To brave its flaws and tempests!—They must go;
Far better, then, they go with hearty will!
Be that my consolation.—Nestling as
He is, he is the making of a bird
Will own no cowering wing. 'Twas fine—'twas fine
To see my eaglet on the verge o' the nest,
Ruffling himself at sight of the huge gulf;
He feels anon he'll have the wing to soar!

[*Re-enter* ALBERT, *with a bow and arrows, and a rude target, which he takes off* L., *as if to set up, laying his bow and quiver on the ground.*

What have you there?
Alb. My bow and arrows, mother.
Emma. When will you use them like your father, boy?
Alb. Some time, I hope.
Emma. You brag! There's not an archer
In all Helvetia can compare with him!

Alb. But I'm his son; and when I am a man,
I may be like him. Mother, do I brag
To think I some time may be like my father?
If so, then is it he that teaches me;
For ever as I wonder at his skill,
He calls me boy, and says I must do more
When I become a man!

Emma. May you be such
A man as he!—If heaven wills, better!—I'll
Not quarrel with its work; yet 'twill content me
If you are only such a man!

Alb. I'll show you
How I can shoot. [*Shoots.*] Look, mother! there's within
An inch!

Emma. O fie! it wants a hand. [*Exit.*

Alb. A hand's
An inch for me. I'll hit it yet. Now for it! [*Shoots again.*

Enter TELL, *watching* ALBERT *some time in silence.*

Tell. That's scarce a miss that comes so near the mark!
Well aim'd, young archer! With what ease he draws
The bow! To see those sinews, who'd believe
Such vigour lodged in them? Well aim'd again!
There plays the skill will thin the chamois' herd,
And bring the lammer-geyer from the cloud
To earth. Perhaps do greater feats—Perhaps
Make man its quarry, when he dares to tread
Upon his fellow men! That little arm,
His mother's palm can span, may help anon
To pull a sinewy tyrant from his seat,
And from their chains a prostrate people lift
To liberty! I'd be content to die,
Living to see that day!—What, Albert?

Alb. Ah!—
My father! [*Running to* TELL, *who embraces him.*

Emma. [*Returning.*] William!—Welcome, welcome, William!
I did not look for you till noon, and thought
How long 'twould be ere noon would come. You're come—
How soon 'twill now be here and gone! O William!
When you are absent from me, I count time
By minutes; which, when you are here, flies by
In hours, that are not noted till they are out!
Now this is happiness! Joy's doubly joy
That comes before the time—It is a debt,
Paid ere 'tis due, which fills the owner's heart
With gratitude, and yet 'tis but his own!
And are you well? And has the chase proved good?
How has it fared with you? Come in; I'm sure
You want refreshment, William.

Tell. No; I shared
A herdsman's meal, upon whose lonely chalet
I chanced to light. I've had bad sport! My track
Lay with the wind, which to the startlish game
Betray'd me still. One only prize; and that
I gave mine humble host. You raise the bow
Too fast. [*To* ALBERT, *who has returned to his practice.*]
Bring't slowly to the eye— [ALBERT *shoots.*
You've miss'd.
How often have you hit the mark to-day?
Alb. Not once yet.
Tell. You're not steady. I perceived
You waver'd now. Stand firm!—Let every limb
Be braced as marble, and as motionless.
Stand like the sculptor's statue on the gate
Of Altorf, that looks life, yet neither breathes
Nor stirs. [ALBERT *shoots.*] That's better!
Emma. William! William!—O!
To be the parents of a boy like that!—
Why speak you not—and wherefore do you sigh?
What's in your heart to keep the transport out
That fills up mine, when looking on our child,
Till it o'erflows mine eye? [ALBERT *shoots.*
Tell. You've miss'd again!
Dost see the mark? Rivet your eye to it!
There let it stick, fast as the arrow would,
Could you but send it there!
Emma. Why, William, don't
You answer me? [ALBERT *shoots.*
Tell. Again! How would you fare,
Suppose a wolf should cross your path, and you
Alone, with but your bow, and only time
To fix a single arrow? 'Twould not do
To miss the wolf! You said the other day,
Were you a man, you'd not let Gesler live—
'Twas easy to say that. Suppose you, now,
Your life or his depended on that shot!—
Take care! That's Gesler! Now for liberty;
Right to the tyrant's heart! [ALBERT *shoots.*] Well done,
my boy!
Come here!—Now, Emma, I will answer you!
Do I not love you? Do I not love our child?
Is not that cottage dear to me where I
Was born? How many acres would I give
That little vineyard for, which I have watch'd
And tended since I was a child? Those crags
And peaks—what spirèd city would I take
To live in, in exchange for them?—Yet what

Are these to me? What is this boy to me?
What art thou, Emma, to me—when a breath
Of Gesler's can take all!

Emma. O, William, think
How little is that all to him—too little
For Gesler, sure, to take. Bethink thee, William,
We have no treasure.

Tell. Have we not? Have we
No treasure? How! No treasure? What!
Have we not liberty?—That precious ore,
That pearl, that gem, the tyrant covets most;
Yet can't enjoy himself—for which he drains
His coffers of their coin—his land of blood;
Goes without sleep—pines himself sallow-pale!—
Yea, makes a pawn of his own soul—lacks ease—
Frets till the bile gnaws appetite away—
Forgets both heaven and hell, only to strip
The wearer of it! Emma, we have that,
And that's enough for Gesler!

Emma. Then, indeed,
My William, we have much to fear!

Tell. We have!
And best it is to know how much. Then, Emma,
Make up thy mind, wife! Make it up! Remember
What wives and mothers on these very hills
Once breathed the air you breathe. Helvetia
Hath chronicles, the masters of the world,
As they were call'd—the Romans—kept for her!
And in those chronicles I've heard 'tis writ—
And praise set down by foes must needs be true—
'Tis writ, I say, that when the Rhetians—
They were the early tenants of those hills—
Withstood the lust of Roman tyranny,
With Claudius Drusus, and a certain Nero,
Sons-in-law of Octavius Cæsar, at
Its head—the Rhetian women—when the men
By numbers overmatch'd at last gave way—
Seeing that liberty was gone, threw life
And nature, too, as worthless, after it;
Rush'd through the gaping ranks of them that fled,
And on the dripping weapons of the red
Resistless van impaled themselves and children!

Emma. O, William!

Tell. Emma, let the boy alone!
Don't clasp him so—'Twill soften him! Go, sir!
See if the valley sends us visitors
To-day. Some friend perchance, may need thy guidance.

Away! [ALBERT *goes out.*] He's better from thee, Emma!
The time
Is come, a mother on her breast should fold
Her arms, as they had done with such endearments,
And bid her children go from her to hunt
For danger—which will presently hunt them—
The less to heed it!

Emma. William, you are right.
The task you set me I will try to do.
I would not live myself to be a slave—
I would not live to be the dam of one!
No! woman as I am, I would not, William!
Then choose my course for me. Whate'er it is,
I will say, ay, and do it, too—Suppose
To dress my little stripling for the war,
And take him by the hand, and lead him to't!
Yes, I would do it at thy bidding, William,
Without a tear—I say that I would do it—
Though now I only talk of doing it,
I can't help shedding one! [*Weeps.*

Tell. Did I not choose thee
From out the fairest of the maids of Uri,
Less that in beauty thou didst them surpass,
Than that thy soul that beauty overmatch'd?
Why rises on thy matron cheek that blush,
Mantling it fresh as in thy virgin morn,
But that I did so? Do I wonder, then,
To find thee equal to the task of virtue,
Although a hard one? No, I wonder not!
Why should I, Emma, make thy heart acquainted
With ills I could shut out from it—rude guests
For such a home! Here only we have had
Two hearts; in all things else—in love, in faith,
In hope, and joy, that never had but one!
But henceforth we must have but one here also.

Emma. O, William, you have wrong'd me—kindly
wrong'd me!
When ever yet was happiness the test
Of love in man or woman? Who'd not hold
To that which must advantage him? Who'd not
Keep promise to a feast, or mind his pledge
To share a rich man's purse? There's not a churl,
However base, but might be thus approved
Of most unswerving constancy. But that
Which loosens churls, ties friends! or changes them
Only to stick the faster. William! William!
That man knew never yet the love of woman,
Who never had an ill to share with her!

Tell. Not even to know that, would I in so
Ungentle partnership engage thee, Emma,
If will could help it; but necessity,
The master yet of will, how strong soe'er,
Compels me, prove thee. When I wedded thee,
The land was free! O! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless Him that it was so! It was free!—
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!—
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys, without asking leave;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Yes, Emma, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring—I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!
You know the jutting cliff round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two a-breast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat, along;
And while gust follow'd gust, more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wish'd me there—the thought that mine was free
Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

TAXES.

Lord Brougham.

Permit me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory:—Taxes—upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home—taxes

upon the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, we must pay taxes.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

THE KETTLE ON THE HOB.

J. E. Carpenter.

They may talk as they will about singing,
Their harps and their lutes and what not,
Their fiddles are not worth the stringing
Compared to the music I've got;
It sings every morning to cheer me,
My pockets it never can rob,
I'm happy each morn when it's near me,
'Tis my kettle that sings on the hob.
At eve, when from labour returning,
I list to its musical throb,
Worth all your fal lals and fine learning,
Is—my kettle that sings on the hob.

With home-faces smiling around me,
And children and wife at the board,
No music such joy ever found me
As that its sweet song doth afford;
I love every inch of its metal,
From the tip of the spout to the knob,
"Lead a temperate life," sings the kettle,
The kettle that sings on the hob.

Sometimes an old friend shares my table,
Though never on dainties I dine,
I treat him as well as I'm able,
Tho' I boast of no cellar of wine;
'Tis friendship gives zest to the liquor,
Though we but in tea hob-a-nob,
And to make it the hotter and quicker
There's the kettle that sings on the hob.

Yet with lessons far deeper and higher
The song of the kettle may teem,
'Twas the kettle that sung on the fire
That first proved the power of steam;
What great things from small may be springing
Is proved by the engine's deep sob,
And yet, after all, the beginning
Was the kettle that sings on the hob.
And so, to the kettle returning,
I list to its musical throb,
And find there's a lesson worth learning
In my kettle that sings on the hob.

THE CAPTAIN'S CHILD.

MRS. LEESON.

A GOOD thing is it to obey
Whom God hath set to rule;
And happy are our children trained
Betimes in duty's school.

Of such an one, to you, my friends,
A story I will tell;
A truthful and a touching tale,—
I pray ye, mark it well.

There was a child whose early home
Was on the rolling deep;
The waters sung his lullaby,
And rock'd him to his sleep.

He was the Captain's only child,
And when his mother died
He would not to her kindred send
The prattler from his side.

And so the little boy grew up,
A dweller on the sea:
For feats of horsemanship, he learn'd
To climb the tall mast tree.

The song of birds at early morn
It was not his to hear;
But the ocean breeze, that swept the seas,
Was music in his ear.

Yet was the ship a rugged school
For one so fair and young;
And harshly in his hearing oft
His father's accents rung.

For dearly as he loved the boy,
That love was never shown
In fond endearment, but in care
Of Discipline alone.

Yet Harry was a merry boy,
Brimful of fearless fun,
And blithely with a shipboy's skill
Could up the rigging run.

Oh, but the sailors loved him well;
The sunshine of his smile,
With memories of their childish days,
Could home-sick hearts beguile.

All household loves on him were shower'd,
As in their sight he grew;
And so the Captain's child became
The darling of the crew.

Now of a monkey I must tell,
A droll and knavish elf,
The sailors' pet, and Harry's plague,
A mimic of himself.

A grinning, chattering plague it was,
And mischievous full oft,—
He clutch'd his cap from Harry's head,
And darted up aloft.

Up in the rigging with his prize,
The thievish creature flew,
Now here, now there, it dodged about,
And Harry followed too.

"Hollo! hollo!" the boy exclaim'd,
"Such manners suit not me,
Come, Master Jacko, I must teach
Civility to thee."

At first it was a merry chase,
And blithely all look'd on;
But many a weather-beaten face
Paled ere the cap was won.

The eager boy, without a thought
Of danger or of dread,
Had reach'd at length the topmost pole
Where scarce was room to tread.

Where none could turn, and none could bend,
He stood in dizzy trance,
Beyond the reach of others' help,
Nor dared the downward glance.

Breathless with fear, the crew look'd up,
None spoke and no one stirr'd,
Not even when the Captain's tread
Upon the deck was heard.

"What is the matter now, my men!
Why stand ye moonstruck here?"
None answer'd him—one look above
Reveal'd the speechless fear.

Pale with his agony the boy
Is trembling, ere he fall
Upon the deck with murderous crash—
The Captain saw it all.

But not a nerve or muscle yet
With quivering anguish shook,—
"Bring me my fowling-piece," he said,
And steadfast aim he took.

Then stern, and loud, and trumpet-clear
He cried, "Attend to me!
This moment, sir, I fire, unless
You jump into the sea."

A life-long agony compress'd,
Throbs in the breast of all!
Not on the deck, not on the deck,
Resounds the dreadful fall!

Off at his father's word he sprang,
Far in the yielding wave,
And many a sailor overboard
Dash'd after him, to save.

Safe! safe! how quickly on the deck
The rescued boy they bear,—
Then fail'd at once the father's heart,
He might not linger there.

No, ere his trembling arms enfold
The child to hope restored,
Lock'd in his cabin, all alone,
His wordless thanks are pour'd.

Too deeply stirr'd his being's tide,
Another's eye to brook,
While shuddering sobs so long suppress'd,
His frame with tremblings shook.

Calm in the might of prayer, at length
He bade them bring his boy,
And clasp'd him to his yearning heart
With all a father's joy.

I tell not of the interview,
Which none beside might share:
The loves of father and of son,
What language can declare?

Yet from my story, you, my friends,
May of obedience learn,
And how the truest love may wear
An aspect strange and stern.

THE IDIOT BOY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NATURE had formed poor hapless Ned
A thing of idiot mind;
Yet to the poor unreasoning boy
She was not quite unkind;

For Sarah loved her hapless child,
Whom helplessness made dear;
And life was happiness to him,
Who had no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
Each half articulate call;
And he was ev'rything to her,
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they dwelt,
Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at length on Sarah came,
And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,
And call'd her o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead—the sound
To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
And he stood wond'ring by;
And when they bore her to the grave,
He follow'd silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
They sung the funeral stave;
But when the funeral train dispersed,
He loiter'd near the grave.

The rabble boys who used to jeer,
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watch'd him at the grave,
And not a word they said.

They came and went, and came again,
Till night at last came on;
And still he loiter'd by the grave,
Till all the rest were gone.

And when he found himself alone,
He quick removed the clay;
And raised the coffin up in haste,
And bore it swift away.

And when he reach'd his hut, he laid
The coffin on the floor;
And with the eagerness of joy,
He barr'd the cottage door.

And out he took his mother's corpse
And placed it on a chair;
And then he heap'd the hearth, and blew
The kindling fire with care.

He placed his mother in her chair,
And in her wonted place;
And blew the kindling fire, that shone
Reflected on her face.

And pausing, now her hand would feel,
And now her face behold;
"Why, mother, do you look so pale,
And why are you so cold?"

It hath pleased God, from the poor wretch
His only friend to call;
But God was kind to him, and soon
In death restored them all.

THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN I was a schoolboy, more than fifty years ago, I remember to have read a story which may have been a fiction, but which was very naturally told, and made a deep impression upon me then. I will endeavour to draw it forth from the locker of my memory, and relate it as nearly as I can recollect.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished the most substantial part of their repast, were lingering over their fruit and wine at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age, and middle stature, entered the public room, where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table, and calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and grey; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch perhaps of melancholy; and he wore a grey surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving man. He might be taken, plausibly enough, for a country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice, or a schoolmaster.

He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional.

The stranger stooped, and picked up the cherry-stone, and a

scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure, with their preconceived impressions of their customer, somewhat elevated as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had partaken of, capsized their gravity entirely, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the group.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter, a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he very deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two.

As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lavater would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness, which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return. While the stranger unclosed his surtout, to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest. He was a captain whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several affairs of honour, and, in the dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form, and one of the cherry-stones. The truth then flashed before the challenged party—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry—three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

They met, and fired alternately, by lot—the young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire—he did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain levelled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone; and, as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to

the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the cherry-stone had fallen. Here ended the first lesson. A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another note—a challenge of course—and another of those ominous cherry-stones arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not sending it before.

Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck with the cherry-stone; and here ended the second lesson. There was something awfully impressive in the *modus operandi*, and exquisite skill of his antagonist. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another, of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodging by illness.

At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels once more presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity also in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

"And what, sir, am I to understand by this?" inquired the aggressor.

"You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead."

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

WILLIAM COWPER.

[The celebrated English poet; most of his writings are religious and didactic. Born 1731; died 1800.]

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel reel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone:
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen;
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er:
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

ROB ROY'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF TO MR. OSBALDISTONE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Author of the Waverley Novels, previous to writing which he obtained a great reputation as a poet—styled, for his literary powers, the "Great Wizard of the North." Born 1771; died 1832.]

You speak like a boy—like a boy, who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a

price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of a hill-fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult; the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with?

And they *shall* find that the name they have dared to proscribe —that the name of MacGregor *is* a spell to raise the wild devil withal. *They* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable Highland drover, bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonoured and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change. They that scoffed at the grovelling worm, and trod upon him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon. But why do I speak of all this?—only ye may opine it frets my patience to be hunted like an otter, or a seal, as a salmon upon the shallows, and that by my very friends and neighbours; and to have as many sword-cuts made, and pistols flashed at me, as I had this day in the ford of Avondow, would try a saint's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are not famous for that good gift, as you may have heard.—But one thing bides me of what Nicoll said. I'm vexed when I think of Robert and Hamish living their father's life.—But let us say no more of this. * * *

You must think hardly of us, and it is not natural that it should be otherwise. But remember, at least, we have not been unprovoked:—we are a rude and an ignorant, and it may be, a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel people.—The land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted people; and if persecution maketh wise men mad, what must it do to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did? Can we view their bloody edicts against us—their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honourable name—as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies?—Here I stand—have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood!—and yet they would betray me and hang me, like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill-will at me.

You are a kind hearted and an honourable youth, and understand, doubtless, that which is due to the feelings of a man of honour. But the heather that I have trod upon when living must bloom over me when I am dead—my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither, like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills; nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us. And Helen—what would become of her, were I to leave her, the subject of new insult and atrocity?—or how could she bear to be removed from these scenes, where the remem-

brance of her wrong is aye sweetened by the recollection of her revenge? I was once so hard put at by my great enemy, as I may well call him, that I was forced e'en to give way to the tide, and removed myself, and my people, and my family, from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time into MacCullummore's country,—and Helen made a lament on our departure, as well as MacRimmon himself could have framed it; and so piteously sad and woesome, that our hearts almost brake as we listened to her;—it was like the wailing of one for the mother that bore him—and I would not have the same touch of the heart-break again, ... no, not to have all the lands that were ever owned by MacGregor.

BOB HOBSON'S ADVICE TIV HIS SON.

A RECITASHUN.

Bob Hobson sat before the fire,
An' puff'd his baccy smoke,
A pictor ov a gud aud sire,
That can give or tyek a joke;
He puff'd away, luck'd wisely roond,
Wink'd slyly at young Dan,
Then like a mortal wisdom croon'd,
Thus tiv his son began:—

Maw canny lad, ye've noo arrived
At a wild unsartain age,
So wi' me tung aw've just contrived
A lesson worth a sage:—
Luck forward to the sunny side,
The dark side scarcely scan,
An' nivor deal with dirty pride,
If you want to be a man.

Tyek a' advice that ye can get,
Turn not yor heed away,
Or let foaks put ye i' the pet,
W' onything they say,
For informashun myeks us wise,
An' shows which way to steer;
Be careful,—if ye want to rise,
Be canny wi' the beer.

Keep close yor mooth!—watch weel yor words,
Afore you let them oot,
For thowtless speeches myek discords,
An' put foaks sair aboot;

Keep passion always frae yor door,
Send selfish thowts away,
An' nivor let foaks chawk a score
Ye think ye cannet pay!

Let honesty yor mottô be,
Mark weel these words, aw say,
For if thor worth ye dinnet see
Ye'll mebbies rue the day;
Save up, te thrive, mind weel yor pense,
Put not yor claes i' pawn,
But keep them oot, yorsel to mense,
Thor's nyen fits like yor awn!

Dinnet tell lees, sic ackshuns scorn,
Unworthy ov a man,
Let truth as pure as ye war born,
For ivor be yor plan;
Stick close te frinds that ye've fund true,
Strite-forward, kind, an' free;
De nowt te myek yor conshuns rue,
An' a "Happy Man" ye'll be!

THE SHADOWLESS MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.

PETER SCHLEMIHL was a German scholar; I need, therefore, scarcely say that Peter Schlemihl was a poor man.

Peter Schlemihl had a letter of introduction to Herr Thomas John, the great Thomas John, the richest man in——but never mind where.

Peter presented his letter to Thomas John, who received him well—as a rich man receives a poor devil—even turned towards him, though without turning from the rest of the company by whom he was surrounded in his extensive and delightful park.

"There," said the rich man, pointing with the letter to a hill, "there I am going to erect the new building. He that is not master of a million is—pardon me the word—a wretch!"

"O, how true!" exclaimed the poor scholar. The moment he had uttered the words his attention was attracted by a quiet, thin, lanky, longish, oldish man, in a shabby grey coat, who looked much like an end of thread that had escaped out of a tailor's needle.

Herr Thomas John and his wealthy company took very little notice of Peter Schlemihl; he hung behind them, and in a little while found himself in a retired part of the park, side by side with the singular grey man.

They both started, the grey man seemed embarrassed, and bowed repeatedly with much humility, but at length, in a soft, tremulous voice, he said—"During the short time I have had the happiness to find myself near you, I have, sir, many times—allow me to say it to you—really contemplated with inexpressible admiration the beautiful, beautiful shadow, which, as it were, with a certain noble disdain, and without yourself remarking it, you cast from you in the sunshine. Pardon me the bold supposition, but possibly you might not be indisposed to make this shadow over to me?"

"Ha! ha! good friend," replied Peter, "have you not then enough of your own shadow? I take this for a business of a very singular sort—"

"Honoured sir," interrupted the grey man, "will you do me the favour to view, and to make trial of this purse?" He thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse of stout Corduan leather, and handed it to the student.

Peter plunged his hand into it, and drew out ten gold pieces, and again ten, and again ten, and again ten.

"Agreed!" he cried, eagerly, "the business is done; for the purse you have my shadow!"

The thin strange-looking grey man knelt down, and with admirable dexterity gently loosened the shadow from top to toe from the grass, lifted it up, rolled it up together, and finally put it in his pocket.

He then made towards the thickest part of the park, softly laughing to himself, and soon disappeared amongst the trees.

Peter Schlemihl was a rich man, but he had no shadow! What of that? you will say. Be patient, and you shall hear.

He left the park, and took the road to the city. An old woman called after him—"Do take care, sir, you have lost your shadow!"

"Thank you, good mother," said Peter, and throwing her a piece of gold, he stepped under the trees.

At the city gate the sentinel exclaimed, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" and immediately after some woman called aloud, "Good heaven! the poor fellow has no shadow!" A mob of boys coming out of school, discovering his deficiency, followed at his heels, and began to pelt him with stones and mud; in short, the difficulties which Peter Schlemihl encountered from having lost his shadow, in a short time made him weary of his life.

He loved—the beautiful Mina, who in return loved him as women sometimes love, offering herself up, self-forgetting, living wholly and solely for him who was her life, regardless if she herself perished: that is—she really loved.

Her parents were delighted that the rich stranger, whom they conceived at least to be a prince in disguise, should have proposed for their daughter, and immediately consented.

But the terrible secret oozed out: Mina and her parents discovered that Peter was shadowless, and their manner was changed towards him. "Confess to me, sir," said the father, passionately, "confess to me, how you became deprived of your shadow!"

Peter did not know what to say; so he did what many other people do in a similar position, he told an untruth, and replied—"A rude fellow one day trod so heavily on my shadow that he rent a great hole in it; I have sent it to be mended, for money can do much, and I was to have received it back yesterday."

"Very good, sir," replied the father; "I give you three days in which you may see after a shadow; if you then appear before me with a good, well-fitting shadow, you shall be welcome; but on the fourth day my daughter will become the wife of another."

Peter Schlemihl wandered forth in despair, wrapped in deep reverie; at length he raised his eyes, and they rested on the old grey man, whom he had not been able to find until that moment.

"Restore me my shadow!" said he, vehemently.

"Certainly," said the grey man. "Be so good as to put your name to this parchment, and your shadow shall return to you."

On the parchment were these words—*By virtue of this my signature I make over my soul to the holder of this, after its natural separation from the body!*

"Who are you, then?" said Peter Schlemihl.

"Is not that plain enough to be seen in me?" replied the grey man. "A poor devil, a sort of learned man and doctor, who in return for precious arts, receives from his friends poor thanks; and for himself, has no amusement on earth but to make his little experiments—but, however, to the right there—PETER SCHLEMIHL."

"Never!" replied the student, shuddering; and flinging the magic purse into a swift-flowing river which rolled past them, he continued, "I abjure thee, horrible one! take thyself hence, and never again show thyself in my sight!"

The grey old man arose gloomily, and with a look of fearful malignity, plunged into the river after his purse, and sank instantly; the waters rolled over him, and Peter Schlemihl never saw him again.

Peter was now a poor man; he had lost his loved Mina, and he had lost his shadow; but as he slowly recovered his peace of mind, he found he had gained a valuable lesson which he has since many times repeated. He, who in levity, only sets his foot out of the right road, is unawares conducted into other paths, which draw him downwards and ever downwards; he then sees in vain the guiding

stars glitter in heaven; there remains to him no choice;—he must descend unpausingly the declivity!

Peter Schlemihl had stood upon the brink of the descent: but casting a longing look towards truth, he felt, with a grateful heart, that he was still saved.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S APOLOGY AND DEFENCE.

LORD LYTTON.

PAULINE, by pride
Angels have fallen e'er thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years my soul was filled with thee:
I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,
Vain, frantic—guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy Future!
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,
Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee, I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages!
For thee, I sought to borrow from each Grace,
And every Muse, such attributes as lend

Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy,—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty!—Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain—some, mad—I heeded not;
But still toil'd on—hoped on,—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy, thee!

* * * * * *

At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns—even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That long'd to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour—when passion, turn'd to wrath,
Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turned, and stung thee!

THE MANIAC.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

[Known as "Monk Lewis," from his novel of "The Monk." Born 1773; died 1818.]

STAY, gaoler, stay, and hear my woe;
She is not mad who kneels to thee:
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad.

My tyrant husband forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! gaoler, haste that fate to tell:

Oh! haste, my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad.

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
'Tis gone! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold!—No warmth, no light—
Lift, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad: no, no, not mad.

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain;
What! I, the child of rank and wealth,—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head;
But 'tis not mad; no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away;
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone;
None ever bore a lovelier child:
And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I will be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad; I am not mad.

Oh! hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
Help! help!—he's gone!—oh! fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see.
My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon;—for lo! you—while I speak—
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends:—I feel the truth;
Your task is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!

THE STARLING; OR, LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

LAURENCE STERNE.

AND as for the Bastille, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastille is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience; albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks, at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and a wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked downstairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I, vauntingly, for I envy not its powers which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.

'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition, the Bastille is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling, hung in a little cage. "I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they

approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out!" said the starling.

God help thee! said I; but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. "No," said the starling, "I can't get out! I can't get out!" I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember any incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille, and I heavily walked upstairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron: with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close by the table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of a confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it but did distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his

lattice: his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh; I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

"I'll go directly," said I, "myself to Monsieur the Duc de Choiseul."

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but, not willing that he should see anything upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heartache, I told him I would go to bed by myself; and bid him go do the same.

HOME.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,

While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
Where the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasures shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears:
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern shelter, and his cottage-home.
O'er China's garden-fields, and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer gone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamp of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink;
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains, and dishonoured vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of liberty;
—Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,

Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[An illustrious American author. Born 1783; died 1859.]

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal;—who would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection: when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments, lavished upon us—almost unheeded—in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there

It is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness—of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last, fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being who can never—never—never return, to be soothed by thy contrition! ——If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow, of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth,—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing!

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret: but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

SAMUEL FERGUSSON, Q.C., M.R.I.A.

COME, see the *Dolphin's* Anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now;
The billows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;
As quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow—
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out:" bang, bang, the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower, thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains,
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time,
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime!
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we;
Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red!
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home,
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,
A shapely one he is and strong as e'er from cat was cast.
A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monsters' palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails?

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
Meanwhile to swing, a buffeting the far-astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean calves; or haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undinè's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line:
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play;
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave,
A fisher's joy is to destroy,—thine office is to save.

O, lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

(*By kind permission of the Author.*)

DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

REV. JOHN HOME.

[Author of "Douglas," a Tragedy. Born 1724; died 1808.]

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home:
For I had heard of battles, and I longed

To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when by her light
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rushed, like a torrent, down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy, and marked
The road he took; then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
We fought—and conquered! Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers;
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

SHAKSPEARE.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men);
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown.
Which he thrice refused. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. . . . .
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue. . . . .
Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it!

You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave? . . .
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel?
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel,
The dint* of pity: these are gracious drops:
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors. . . .
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

* Impression.

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. . . . .
Yet, hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak. . .
Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas! you know not—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,—
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

MARINO FALIERO'S IMPRECATION ON VENICE.

LORD BYRON.

[The conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero to destroy at one blow all the Senate and Nobility of Venice, is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of history. It occurred in the year 1355. Lord Byron remarks that "everything about Venice is, or was, extraordinary; her aspect is like a dream, and her history is like a romance."

Marino Faliero was insulted by Michael Steno, a young noble, who wrote upon the ducal chair some ribald sentence referring to the disparity of age between the Doge and his young and beautiful wife; the Doge demanded the punishment of Steno, and the Senate decided that he should be detained for one month in arrest. This light sentence so irritated the impetuous Doge, that he entered into a league with a band of conspirators to revenge himself on the Senate who protected his slanderer. The conspiracy was discovered, and the Doge condemned; and while standing on the summit of the "Giant's Staircase," the executioner beside him, and the council and patricians present to witness his death, he utters the following fierce imprecation on his ungrateful country. We need scarcely add that this speech was not absolutely delivered, but is the composition of Lord Byron.]

I SPEAK to Time and to Eternity,
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
Ye elements! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you. Ye blue waves! which bore my banner,
Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved it,
And filled my swelling sails as they were wafted
To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
Which I have bled for! And thou foreign earth,
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound,
Ye stones! in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies! which will receive it!
Thou sun! which shinest on these things; and Thou!
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns!—Attest!
I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?
I perish, but not unavenged; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close—the doom
Of this proud city; and I leave my curse
On her and hers for ever! Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield,
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence,
As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice—She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appendage to those
Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!
Then when the Hebrew 's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his;
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and, in their shameful need,
Make their nobility a plea for pity;
Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
Of their great fathers' heritage, shall fawn
Round a barbarian Vice of King's Vice-gerent,
Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns,
Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign,
Proud of some name they have disgraced, or sprung
From an adultress boastful of her guilt,
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph
To the third spurious generation;—when
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being—

Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquished by the victors,
Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices
As in the monstrous grasp of their conception
Defy all codes to image or to name them;
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject kingdom,
All thy inheritance shall be her shame
Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters, grown
A wider proverb for worse prostitution;—
When all the ills of conquer'd states shall cling thee
Vice without splendour, sin without relief
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,
But in its stead, coarse lusts of habitude,
Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness,
Depraving nature's frailty to an art;—
When these and more are heavy on thee, when
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
Youth without honour, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not murmur,
Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts;—
Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many murders, think of *mine!*
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!
Thus I devote thee to the infernal Gods!—
Thee and thy serpent seed!

[*Turns and addresses the Executioner.*

Slave, do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
Strike—and but once!

PERORATION OF A SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF MR. DUFFY: FEBRUARY 2, 1844.

MR. WHITESIDE.

I WOULD say that the true object of this unprecedented prosecution was to stifle the discussion of a great public question. Reviewed in this light, all other considerations sink into insignificance? its importance becomes vast indeed. A Nation's Rights are involved in the issue—a Nation's Liberties are at stake! What won, what preserves, the precious privileges you possess? THE EXERCISE OF THE RIGHT OF POLITICAL DISCUSSION—FREE, UNTRAMMELLED, BOLD! The laws which wisdom framed—the institutions struck

out by patriotism, learning, or genius—can they preserve the springs of freedom fresh and pure? No! destroy the right of free discussion, and you dry up the sources of freedom. By the same means by which your liberties were won, they can be increased or defended. Quarrel not with the partial evils free discussion creates, nor seek to contract the enjoyment of that great privilege within the narrow limits timid men prescribe. With the passing mischiefs of its extravagance contrast the prodigious blessings it has heaped on man. Free discussion aroused the human mind from the torpor of ages, taught it to think, and shook the thrones of ignorance and darkness. Free discussion gave to Europe the Reformation, which I have been taught to believe the mightiest event in the history of the human race; illuminated the world with the radiant light of spiritual truth: may it shine with steady and increasing splendour. Would you undo the labours of science, extinguish literature, stop the efforts of genius, restore ignorance, bigotry, barbarism? then put down free discussion, and you have accomplished all. Savage conquerors, in the blindness of their ignorance, have scattered and destroyed the intellectual treasures of a great antiquity. Those who make war on the sacred rights of free discussion, without their ignorance, imitate their fury; they may check the expression of some thought which might, if uttered, redeem the liberties or increase the happiness of men.

The insidious assailants of this great prerogative of intellectual beings, by the cover under which they advance, conceal the character of their assault upon the liberties of the human race. They seem to admit the liberty to discuss, blame only its extravagance, pronounce hollow praises on the value of the freedom of speech, and straightway begin a prosecution to cripple and destroy. The open despot avows his object is to oppress or to enslave; resistance is certain to encounter his tyranny, and perhaps subvert it. Not so the artful assailant of a nation's rights: he declares friendship while he wages war, and professes affection for the thing he hates. State prosecutions, if you believe them, are ever the fastest friends of freedom: they tell you peace is disturbed, order broken, by the excesses of turbulent and seditious demagogues. No doubt there might be a seeming peace, a deathlike stillness, by repressing the feelings and passions of men—so in the fairest portion of Europe this day there is peace, order, and submission under despotic governments, ecclesiastical and civil. That peace springs from terror, that submission from ignorance, that silence from despair! Compare the stillness of despotism with the healthful animation, the natural warmth, the bold language, the proud bearing, which springs from freedom and the consciousness of its possession. Which will you prefer? Insult not the dignity of mankind by supposing that contentment of the heart can exist under despotism; there may be degrees in its severity, and so degrees in the sufferings of its victims. Terrible are dangers which lurk beneath the calm surface of despotic power; the move-

ments of the oppressed will at all times disturb their tyrant's tranquillity, and warn him their day of vengeance or of triumph may be nigh. Why do you love, why do other nations honour, England? Are you, are they, dazzled by her naval or military glories, the splendour of her literature, her sublime discoveries in science, her boundless wealth, her almost incredible labours in every work of art and skill? No! You love, you cling to England because she has been for ages past the seat of free discussion, and therefore, the home of rational freedom, and the hope of oppressed men throughout the world. Emulate this day the great virtues of Englishmen—their love of fairness, their immovable independence, and the sense of justice rooted in their nature: these are the virtues which qualify jurors to decide the rights of their fellow-men: deserted by these, of what avail is the tribunal of a jury? 'Tis worthless as the living body when the human soul has fled. Believe me, you will not secure the true interests of England by leaning too severely on your countrymen; they say to their English brethren,—we have been by your side whenever danger was to be faced or honour won; the scorching sun of the East, and the pestilence of the West, we have endured, to spread your commerce, to extend your empire, to uphold your glory; the bones of our countrymen have whitened the fields of Portugal, of Spain, of France; fighting your battles they fell, in a nobler cause they could not; we have helped to gather you imperishable laurels, we have helped to win you immortal triumphs. Now, in the time of peace, we ask you to restore that Parliament planted here with your laws and language, uprooted in a dismal period of our history—in the moment of our terror, our divisions, our weakness, it may be, our crime. Re-establish the Commons on the broad foundation of the People's choice; replace the Peerage, the Corinthian pillars of the capital, secured and adorned by the strength and splendour of the Crown, and let the monarch of England, as in ages past, rule a brilliant and united Empire in solidity, magnificence, and power.

When the privileges of the English Parliament were invaded, that people struck down the ministry, took the field, and dragged their Sovereign to the block. We shall not imitate the English precedent while we struggle for a Parliament. Its surest bulwark, that Institution which you prize so highly, was ours for six hundred years: restore the blessing, and we shall be content. This prosecution is not necessary for the maintenance of the authority and prerogative of the Crown: our gracious Sovereign needs not state prosecutions to secure her prerogatives or preserve her power; she has the unbought loyalty of a chivalrous and gallant people. The arm of authority she needs not to raise. The glory of her gentle reign will be—she will have ruled not by the sword, but by the affections; that the true source of her power has been, not in the terrors of the law, but in the hearts of her people.

Your patience is exhausted. If I have spoken suitably to the subject, I have spoken as I have wished; but if, as you may think,

deficiently, I have spoken as I could. Do you, from what has been said, and from the better arguments omitted, which may be well suggested by your manly understanding and your honest hearts, give a verdict consistent with justice, yet inclining to liberty—dictated by truth, yet leaning to the side of the accused men, struggling against the weight, power, and influence of the Crown, and prejudice more overwhelming still; a verdict undesired by a party, but to be applauded by the impartial monitor within your breasts—becoming the high spirit of Irish gentlemen and the intrepid guardians of the rights and liberties of a free people.

THE FIRST SHOES.

W. C. Bennett.

[A popular and prolific poet, author of "Baby May," &c. Born 1820; living.]

Wife, keep those shoes with the shape of his feet in them,
Restless, small feet that we'd never have still,
Through all your years to come, visions how sweet in them,
Dreamings, how priceless, your fancy will fill:
Treasure them: some dreams are more than all pleasures
Life's ever giving our hearts to enjoy;
Few things that ever you'll prize, wife, as treasures,
So dear will be as these shoes of our boy.

Worn is each little sole; blessed was the wearing,
Smoothing them so, at which glad tears you wept,
Those wavering weak steps that caused you such caring,
Those tiny steps that our baby first stept;
Wife, to our hearts, what a joy beyond telling
Were those dear totterings, half boldness, half fear,
All the joy then that our proud hearts was swelling,
Whene'er we see them, with us will be here.

Bolder those small shoes were ere he outgrew them;
Firm was the foot-tread at last that they knew,
When mother's eyes to her stooping kiss drew them,
With that rapt gaze that still looked him to you;
Seeing them, ah! in the garden I've found him,
Busy and bustling as ant or as bee;
Glad as the butterfly flitting around him,
Babbles my baby again up to me.

Treasure them, brood o'er them—oh, how dear to you,
Will those small memories in after-years prove,
Should it be God's will those eyes that so knew you,
You in this life below no more can love.
Then shall the sight of these be a spell raising
Up to your gaze again, dim through your tears,
That little lost form to gladden your gazing,
Bidding that small tongue again bless your ears.

Ah! if in years to come—oh! God forbid it—
We must with trembling and tears tell his name,
Fear his grown face, and half wish God had hid it
Cold in the coffin before it knew shame,
These shall be balm to the sorrows that wring you,
Over these, tears, not all sad, you shall rain,
These his dear baby-face sinless shall bring you,
That you may love him all spotless again.

Far be such thoughts from us; none such we're fearing.
Ever, dear, for him, our darling, our joy;
God will his mother's prayers always be hearing,
Hearing his father's prayers, prayed for our boy.
But, oh, dear wife of mine, these shoes, we'll keep them;
Grown-up, he'll laugh at what he used to use;
Tears but of pride and joy only shall steep them,
When, a man, with us he sees his first shoes.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

SPEECH ON THE REFORM BILL.

Lord Brougham.

We stand in a truly critical position. If we reject the bill through fear of being thought to be intimidated, we may lead the life of retirement and quiet, but the hearts of the millions of our fellow-citizens are gone for ever; their affections are estranged; we, and our order, and its privileges, are the objects of the people's hatred, as the only obstacles which stand between them and the gratification of their most passionate desire. The whole body of the aristocracy must expect to share this fate, and be exposed to feelings such as these. For I hear it constantly said that the bill is rejected by all the aristocracy. Favour, and a good number of supporters, our adversaries allow it has among the people; the ministers, too, are for it; but the aristocracy, say they, is strenuously opposed to it. I broadly deny this silly, thoughtless assertion. What! my lords, the aristocracy set themselves in a mass against the people;—they who

sprang from the people—are inseparably connected with the people—are supported by the people—are the natural chiefs of the people? *They* set themselves against the people, for whom peers are ennobled, bishops consecrated, kings anointed,—the people, to serve whom, Parliament itself has an existence, and the monarchy and all its institutions are constituted, and without whom none of them could exist for an hour? This assertion of unreflecting men is too monstrous to be endured. As a member of this House, I deny it with indignation—I repel it with scorn, as a calumny upon us all. And yet there are those who, even within these walls, speak of the bill augmenting so much the strength of the democracy as to endanger the other orders of the state; and so they charge its authors with promoting anarchy and rapine. Why, my lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are members of the present cabinet who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection; and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say, I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions; and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say, that in becoming a member of your House, I staked my all on the aristocratic institutions of the state; I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the state, for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it, and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated situation of representative of Yorkshire, and a leading member of the Commons. I descended from a position quite lofty enough to gratify any man's ambition, and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then, have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, and to desire that you will not put in jeopardy all I have now left?

But the populace only, the rabble, the ignoble vulgar, are for the bill? Then what is the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England? What the Duke of Devonshire? What the Duke of Bedford? I am aware it is irregular in any noble lord that is a friend to the measure; its adversaries are patiently suffered to call Peers even by their christian and surnames. Then I shall be as regular as they were, and ask, does my friend John Russell, my friend William Cavendish, my friend Harry Vane, belong to the mob or the aristocracy? Have they no possessions? Are they modern names? Are they wanting in Norman blood, or whatever else you pride yourselves on? The idea is too ludicrous to be seriously refuted; —that the bill is only a favourite with the democracy, is a delusion so wild as to point a man's destiny towards St. Luke's. Yet many, both here and elsewhere, by dint of constantly repeating the same cry, or hearing it repeated, have almost made themselves believe that none of the nobility are for the measure.

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat—temporary it can only be; for its ultimate and even speedy success is certain. Nothing now can stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded, that even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles that surround you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sybil; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable;—to restore the franchise which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms—her moderate terms; she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back. Again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands—in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands—it is Parliament by the year—it is vote by the ballot—it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third visit; for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may be even the mace which rests upon that woolsack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you more expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are! Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people—alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the constitution. Therefore

I pray and I exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you—I warn you—I implore you—yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you—Reject not this bill!

THE SWISS BALLAD OF RENAUD.*

[Translated from the Romande, by James Henry Dixon, Esq., and extracted from "Notes and Queries," of September 19th, 1863, by permission of the author.]

RENAUD comes from the field of fight,
A careworn, sad, and a weary wight.

His manly breast is crimson dyed—
A hand is pressed to his wounded side.

From latticed chamber high and dim,
A mother rushed to welcome him.

"Welcome!" she cried, "this day of joy;
Thy ladye fair hath borne a boy."

"See ye not my pallid brow,
And the life-blood flowing now?

"The joy in the castle is not for me;
My boy and his mother I may not see.

"Mother! go make me a bed to-night;
Let the coverlet and sheets be white.

"But spread my couch in a distant tower;
I must be far from my ladye's bower.

"She must not know, while in child-bed lain,
Her lord returns from the battle-plain."

At the time of deep midnight
Poor Renaud rendered up his sprite.

The serving-men surround the bed,
And vassals weep o'er the warrior dead.

* * * * *

* Renaud must be pronounced *Reno*. For the original of this interesting ballad, and for the translator's notes and illustrations, the reader is referred to the work in which it originally appeared.

"Mother! wherefore do ye sigh,
And your handmaids standing by?"

"Our fair white steed lies dead in stall—
He was the bravest barb of all!"

"Mother! methinks the night-winds bring
Sounds of a distant hammering?"

"My child! the carpenter repairs
A plank upon the gallery stairs."

"Mother! I hear a solemn strain—
It swells—it falls—it comes again."

"A procession moves along,
And chanters raise the holy song."

"Mother! I fain would quit my room,
I'm sick at heart of the castle's gloom."

"You are too feeble to quit your bed;
You must wait till a week hath fled."

"When I go out, O mother dear!
What are the robes that I shall wear?"

"The white and the red you must not put on;
But the black and the violet ye may don."

* * * * *

As she rode upon the way
They met three friars in garb of grey.

"The ladye is gay, and fair, and young;
It was for her lord that the mass was sung."

"Mother! what did the friars say
As they pass'd along the way?"

"My child! the monks, as is their wont,
Wile the time with a low romaunt."

* * * * *

In the chapel's vaulted aisle,
They sat them down to rest awhile.

Three sculptors 'mid the solemn gloom
Were working at a marble tomb.

"Mother! that tomb is wondrous fair,
What brave knight is buried there?"

"The tomb is fair, and it should be so;
It is that of my son Renaud!"

"Take my jewels and rings of pride.
I soon shall rest by my Renaud's side.

"And I trust the grave is wide and deep,
That my child may also beside us sleep."

* * * * *

On the tomb by the gallant knight
Is the sculptur'd form of his ladye bright *

IN BELGRAVIA.

1865.

W. C. Bennett.

Curse her! so, in the vile papers, my name
Their penny-a-liners are blackening with shame!

To-day, if I entered my club, they'd be witty;
Of course, I shall waken—O, oceans of pity!

It's easy to say, 'Don't be weak—close your ears—
You are not a schoolboy for whining and tears."

But it is not so easy in practice as words;
Through some brains, like mine, sneers and cuffs cut like swords.

Ah, the Frenchman, we all know, was cruelly right
When he sneered that all friends, in all friends' woes delight.

* The translator is responsible for the asterisks by which the breaks in the narrative are marked. They are not placed to give a fragmentary appearance to what he considers to be a perfect composition; but they seem necessary to mark the sudden transitions, and will make the tale better understood. "The ballad," says Mr. Robert White, F.S.A., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, "may have been originally part of a much larger composition: yet in itself it is complete. A specimen of the right kind, it graphically depicts a tale, calling to remembrance some of the striking chapters of Scriptural history."—Letter in *Durham Advertiser*

Some struggle; I've done so and made my lips dumb,
When news of sad stumblings of neighbours has come.

But I'm cold, and I'm proud, I own, somewhat above,
It may be, a liking for everyone's love.

So, of course, this thing, curse her! some monster will wake,
Those I've thrust off will in it much interest take.

I shall see on the faces of all but a few,
(On theirs perhaps real sympathy) grins ever new.

But is this the all of it? is this the worst
Of her flight with this villain—this rascal accurst!

The children—the boys—the girls—ay, there's the pain;
No more, as they have been, will they be again!

It isn't the loss of her love that's their loss,
But the curse of her shame that their pathways will cross.

And the girls—my own girls!—'tis damnation to think
Henceforth from the breath of her name they must shrink.

They walk through life, dear ones! as spotless as snow,
But men with names don't like such histories, you know.

Mothers warn sons, "Avoid them—of those girls keep clear!"
None like to have mothers of whom none must hear.

So their innocence always is soiled with her shame,
And my boys, too, must front the world, dreading her name.

Damn them both! I'd to hell if I found them in bliss!
Ah, could I my hate in her curst ear but hiss!

But I'll clutch him, the devil on whom she dares doat,
If I live; yet as sure as God lives, by the throat,

Spit in his vile face—hurl him from me—the hound—
To be trampled on—scourged like a slave, when he's found.

And if he's not white-livered—no, that he's not,
Ere twelve hours are over, he'll grip the grass—shot.

That's his doom and for her?—ay, just once, I'll see her!
That she were from life, ere that, better it were,

Than to hear what she'll hear when I glare in her eyes,
And spurn her and loathe her—her love and her lies.

See her grovel before me—I know that she must
When I yell in her ears the world's hate and disgust.

When I tell her—" her boys and her girls shall be taught
To hate her, as I do, in word, soul, and thought,

"To scorn her and hate her, in life and in death,
To feel that to speak of her, blackens their breath,

"To pray to forget her—beg God that no other
Beside those who loathe her, may know she's their mother."

So now my valise and my pistols to pack,
The train starts for Dover at eight—that's their track.

The Colonel's in Paris, that's lucky, he'll go
Anywhere with me after them—that well I know.

The dear ones! their faces will be somewhat white
When, in my eyes murder, I burst on their sight.

Yes, blood in my thoughts and hopes: never my soul
Shall know peace till this debt is paid—fully—the whole.

A week ought to do all; perhaps they'll not on;
I may catch them in Paris before they are gone.

If I do the thing's settled, but, if I'm too late,
But a week, at the furthest, my vengeance must wait.

But their fate is determined, come of it what will,
He dies and she starves or, to live, sinks more still.

Drags herself through the mud of the foul Paris ways,
Sells herself, but for bread, in—it shall be—my gaze.

Let her sink herself yet lower still and more low,
Lower than I would hurl her she never can go.

Then let her die—friendless—loathed—godless—forgot,
And time even her shame from our memories blot.

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THE ACTOR AND HIS CHILD.

EDWARD HASTINGS.

In an attic high,
Approaching the sky,
A boy on a pallet lay;

And on his knee,
Crying—"Woe is me!"
A father knelt to pray.

'Twas his only son,
His darling one,
The price of a mother's life;
That stricken lay,
Scarce better than clay,
Passing from this world's strife.

The room was bare,
All was scanty there,
The owner an actor, poor;
The hand of care,
Had not been spare,
Disease had wasted his store.

A young wife dead,
Ere her spirit fled,
Had borne him this one boy,
A treasure indeed,
A companion in need,
The actor's only joy.

The child had been,
In life's gay scene,
On Christmas days scarce seven;
When an angel bright,
Appeared at night,
To herald him to Heaven.

"Father, don't weep!
For a heavenly sleep,
Will relieve my sense of pain;
On the wings of a dove,
I shall soar above,
Where all shall meet again.

"To my mother's home,
I soon must roam;
That home's above the sky;
You've often said
That the righteous dead
Are sure to soar on high.

"Father, farewell,
I wish I could tell
What angels will say to me,

When I behold,
In the shepherd's fold,
Their glorious company.

"An angel bright,
'Midst glit'ring light,
Is crying—'Come and see,'
Father, I go,
Leaving all below,
I now to Heaven must flee."

The spirit had fled,
The child was dead,
The father prostrate fell;
And there he lay,
Till returning day;
His grief no tongue could tell.

There was noise and shout
Of a joyous rout,
'Twas Christmas-tide, you see:
And great and small,
Were hast'ning all,
In search of jollity.

The rabble's din,
Without and within
A majestic Thespian pile;
Each one was gay,
One thought had they,
'Twas, "let's the time beguile."

There was no care,
No misery there,
Nor thought of another's woe,
As the actor sped,
For his daily bread,
To his labour, the mimic show.

The body left lone,
While as king on a throne,
In grandeur the actor sat,
And buried his care,
From all that were there,
But the corpse, he thought of that.

There were but few
His suff'ring knew,
To tell the tale I dread;

He played his part,
With a broken heart,
The actor next morn was—dead.

'Twas not alone,
To the cloud-walled throne,
The actor's darling went,
For father and son,
United as one,
Their way to Paradise bent.

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CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

[Mr. Phillips was a celebrated Irish barrister—born in 1787; died about 1850. He wrote the "Life and Oratory of Curran;" and at the time of his death filled the post of a Commissioner of Insolvent Debtors.]

HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will despotic in its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary perhaps, that, in the annals of the world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition; and with an Eastern devotion, he knelt at the altar of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the crown and the tri-

bune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, under the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whims; and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn;—and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity. The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field, or the drawing-room—with the mob, or the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburgh—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the field, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend, or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well that, if he was lavish of them he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people, he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the uni-

verse. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the patronage of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.—Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor—a Mahometan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow. His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world; and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism however stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

NED BOLTON.

A JOLLY comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea;
When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass be!
And may my gallant battle-flag be stricken down in shame,
If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge thy name!
Up, up, my lads,—his memory!—we'll give it with a cheer—
Ned Bolton, the commander of the Black Snake privateer!

Poor Ned! he had a heart of steel, with neither flaw nor speck;
Firm as a rock, in strife or storm, he stood the quarter deck;
He was, I trow, a welcome man to many an Indian dame,
And Spanish planters cross'd themselves at whisper of his name;
But now, Jamaica girls may weep—rich Dons securely smile—
His bark will take no prize again, nor e'er touch Indian isle.

Oh! 'twas a sorry fate he met on his own mother wave,—
The foe far off, the storm asleep, and yet to find a grave!
With store of the Peruvian gold, and spirit of the cane,
No need would he have had to cruise in tropic climes again;
But some are born to sink at sea, and some to hang on shore,
And Fortune cried, God speed! at last, and welcomed Ned no more.

'Twas off the coast of Mexico—the tale is bitter brief—
The Black Snake, under press of sail, stuck fast upon a reef.
Upon a cutting coral reef—scarce a good league from land—
But hundreds, both of horse and foot, were ranged upon the strand;
His boats were lost before Cape Horn, and with an old canoe,
Even had he number'd ten for one, what could Ned Bolton do!

Six days and nights the vessel lay upon the coral reef,
Nor favouring gale, nor friendly flag, brought prospect of relief;
For a land-breeze the wild one pray'd, who never pray'd before,
And when it came not at his call, he bit his lip and swore;
The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but did not venture near,
Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer!

A calm!—a calm!—a hopeless calm!—the red sun burning high,
Glared blisteringly and wearily in a transparent sky,
The grog went round the gasping crew, and loudly rose the song,
The only pastime at an hour when rest seem'd far too long.
So boisterously they took their rouse upon the crowded deck,
They look'd like men who had escap'd, not fear'd a sudden wreck.

Up sprung the breeze the seventh day—away! away! to sea
Drifted the bark, with riven planks, over the waters free;
Their battle-flag, these rovers bold then hoisted top-mast high,
And to the swarthy foe sent back a fierce defying cry.
"One last broadside!" Ned Bolton cried—deep boom'd the cannon's roar,
And echo's hollow growl return'd an answer from the shore.

The thundering gun, the broken song, the mad tumultuous cheer,
Ceas'd not, so long as ocean spared the shatter'd privateer:
I saw her—I—she shot by me, like lightning in the gale;
We strove to save, we tack'd, and fast we slacken'd all our sail:—
I knew the wave of Ned's right hand—farewell!—you strive in vain,
And he, or one of his ship's crew, ne'er entered port again!

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[An American by birth, but long settled in England. Wrote many dramas and the song of "Home, sweet home." Born 1793; died 1852.]

THUS, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story;

And now, to say one word of the imposture—
The mask necessity has made me wear!
When the ferocious malice of your king—
King, do I call him!—When the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as you most of you may well remember,
My father Marcus, and my elder brother,
Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power,
But in the false face I have worn so long?

Would you know why I have summon'd you together
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time—
The mould in which each female face was form'd—
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
And never-resting thought is all on fire!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks,
And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her:—The young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compos
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose;
How from the shade of those ill-neighbouring plants
Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf
Was blighted; but, array'd in purest grace,
She bloom'd unsullied beauty. Such perfections
Might have call'd back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
Might have abash'd the boldest libertine.
And turn'd desire to reverential love
And holiest affection! Oh, my countrymen,
You all can witness that when she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome:—old age
Forgot its crutch, labour its task—all ran;
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye, where she lies
That beauteous flower—that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone! gone!

Say, would ye seek instruction? Would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
Which saw his poison'd brother!—saw the incest

Committed there, and they will cry—Revenge!
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry—Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry—Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murder'd wife,
And the poor queen, who lov'd him as her son;
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek—Revenge!
The temples of the gods—the all-viewing heavens—
The gods themselves—shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound—Revenge! Revenge!

PARRHASIUS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

["Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint."—Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."]

THE golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colours stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And, in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
Like forms and landscapes magical, they lay.
The walls were hung with armour, and about
In the dim corners, stood the sculptured forms
Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove;
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque, long shadows, full and true,
And like a veil of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus;
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh.
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with its reaching fancy, and with form
And colour clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit, airily and swift;
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens, around me play
Colours of such divinity to-day.
Ha! bind him on his back!
Look, as Prometheus in my picture here.
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh,
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!
So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works on his brow!
Ha! grey-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!
'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine;
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?
'Hereafter!' Ay, *hereafter!*
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back,
To check the sceptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story,
And I may take some softer path to glory.
No, no, old man; we die
E'en as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, e'en as they.
Strain well thy fainting eye;
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.
Yet there's a deathless name—
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a stedfast planet, mount and burn;
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me,
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me.
Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst;
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild;—

All, I would do it all,
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
O heavens! but I appal
Your heart, old man! forgive—Ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!
Vain, vain, give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now.
Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow.
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!
Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another! Wilt thou never come, oh death?
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—HE'S DEAD."

THE VAGRANT AND HIS DOG.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[An American writer; still living.]

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!
Over the table, look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Arn't we, Roger?—See him wink!
Well, something hot, then, we wont quarrel.

He's thirsty too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriotic soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence;
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
  At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—
  The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,——
  You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
  I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
  Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
  When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
  From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
  To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:
  'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
  Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
  On the dusty road; a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
  Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry,
  It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
  Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
  'Twas well she died before—— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
  The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
  This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
  Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
  No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
  And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.—
  You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
  For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

THE MISER'S GRAVE.

JAMES HOGG.

HERE'S a lesson for the earth-born worm,
So deep engraven on the meagre platen
Of human frailty, so debased in hue,
That he who dares peruse it needs must blush
For his own nature. The poor shrivell'd wretch,
For whose lean carcass yawns this hideous pit,
Had nought that he desired in earth or heaven—
No God, no Saviour, but that sordid pelf,
O'er which he starved and gloated. I have seen him
On the exchange, or in the market-place,
When money was in plenteous circulation,
Gaze after it with such Satanic looks
Of eagerness, that I have wonder'd oft
How he from theft and murder could refrain.
'Twas cowardice alone withheld his hands,
For they would grasp and grapple at the air,
When his grey eye had fixed on heaps of gold,
While his clench'd teeth, and grinning, yearning face,
Were dreadful to behold. The merchants oft
Would mark his eye, then start and look again,
As at the eye of basilisk or snake.
His eye of greyish green ne'er shed one ray
Of kind benignity or holy light
On aught beneath the sun. Childhood, youth, beauty
To it had all one hue. Its rays reverted
Right inward, back upon the greedy heart
On which the gnawing worm of avarice
Preyed without ceasing—straining every sense
To that excruciable and yearning core.
Some thirteen days agone, he comes to me,
And after many sore and mean remarks
On men's rapacity and sordid greed,
He says, "Gabriel, thou art an honest man,
As the world goes. How much, then, will you charge
To make a grave for me, fifteen feet deep?"
"We'll talk of that when you require it, sir."

"No, no. I want it made, and paid for too;
I'll have it settled, else I know there will
Be some unconscionable overcharge
On my poor friends—a ruinous overcharge!"
"But, sir, were it made now, it would fill up
Each winter to the brim, and be to make
Twenty or thirty times, if you live long."—
"There! There it is! Nothing but imposition!
Even Time must rear his stern, unyielding front,
And holding out his shrivell'd skeleton hand,
Demands my money. Nought but money! money!
Were I coin'd into money I could not
Half satisfy that craving greed of money.
Well, how much do you charge? I'll pay you now,
And take a bond from you that it be made
When it is needed. Come, calculate with reason—
Work's very cheap; and two good men will make
That grave at two days' work; and I can have
Men at a shilling each—*without* the meat—
That's a great matter! Let them but to meat,
'Tis utter ruin. I'll give none their meat—
That I'll beware of. Men now-a-days are
Cheap, dogcheap, and beggarly fond of work.
One shilling each a day, *without* the meat.
Mind that, and ask in reason; for I wish
To have that matter settled to my mind."—
"Sir, there's no man alive will do't so cheap
As I shall do it for the ready cash,"
Says I, to put him from it with a joke.
"I'll charge you, then, one-fourth part of a farthing
For every cubic foot of work I do,
Doubling the charge each foot that I descend."
"Doubling as you descend! Why, that of course.
A quarter of a farthing each square foot—
No meat, remember! Not an inch of meat,
Nor drink, nor dram. You're not to trust to these.
Wilt stand that bargain, Gabriel?"—"I accept."
He struck it, quite o'erjoy'd. We sought the clerk,
Sign'd—seal'd. He drew his purse. The clerk went on
Figuring and figuring. "What a fuss you make!
'Tis plain," said he, "the sum is eightepence."
"'Tis somewhat more, sir," said the civil clerk—
And held out the account. "Two hundred pounds,
And gallant payment over." The miser's face
Assumed the cast of death's worst lineaments.
His skinny jaws fell down upon his breast;
He tried to speak, but his dried tongue refused
Its utterance, and cluck'd upon the gum.

His heart-pipes whistled with a crannell'd sound;
His knell-knees plaited, and every bone
Seem'd out of joint. He raved—he cursed—he wept—
But payment he refused. I have my bond,
Not yet a fortnight old, and shall be paid.
It broke the miser's heart. He ate no more,
Nor drank, nor spake, but groan'd until he died;
This grave killed him, and now yearns for his bones
But worse than all, 'tis twenty years and more
Since be brought home his coffin. On that chest
His eye turn'd ever and anon. It minded him,
He said, of death. And as he sat by night
Beside his beamless hearth, with blanket round
His shivering frame, if burst of winter wind
Made the door jangle, or the chimney moan,
Or crannied window whistle, he would start,
And turn his meagre looks upon that chest;
Then sit upon't, and watch till break of day.
Old wives thought him religious—a good man!
A great repentant sinner, who would leave
His countless riches to sustain the poor.
But mark the issue. Yesterday, at noon,
Two men could scarcely move that ponderous chest
To the bedside to lay the body in.
They broke it sundry, and they found it framed
With double bottom! All his worshipp'd gold
Hoarded between the boards! O such a worm
Sure never writhed beneath the dunghill's base!
Fifteen feet under ground! and all his store
Snug in beneath him. Such a heaven was his.

THE QUAKER MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

J. P. Hutchinson.

"Thou dost love me!" I believe thee; thou hast often told me so,
But had thy lips not spoken, by thy glances I should know;
Thou dost often smile to see me, and the warm grasp of thy hand
Is a language truly uttered, and not hard to understand.

"Do I love thee?" Well, thou knowest when thou art very glad
To see me, thou mayst fancy, I am not so very sad;
don't weep when thou art merry; and whatever thou mayst say,
I don't wish the hour were later, and that thou wert gone away.

"Something plainer!" I'm a female, and therefore do not seek
To make me utter boldly what a woman should not speak.
Thou wouldst not respect me, were I to unburthen all my mind,
And I don't wish to offend thee, as thou art so very kind.

"My earnest thoughts regarding thee!" Well, when I saw thee there,
Where first we met, I thought I'd seen more handsome men and fair:
But should I wish a husband, much rather should he be
Of loving heart and noble mind—and then I thought of thee.

Thou saidst thou hadst seen fairer maids, but none with eyes so bright;
A face whose sweetness filled thy heart with exquisite delight,
A tone of voice that echoed through thy mind in music sweet,
And which you longed to see and hear, and yet didst dread to meet.

Well! woman's love is but as man's: but some assert that ours
Exerts itself more forcibly—engages all our powers.
Man loves, but oft forgets his love: a woman never may,
Her heart the same in weal or woe, is true by night and day.

But I'm a friend, thou knowest, and thou surely wouldst not see
Me driven from the meeting-house, because of love to thee.
My parents, it would grieve them, took me while a young one there,
To listen solemn words of truth, and breathe the silent prayer.

'Tis true, no thrilling words of praise, or awful music grand
Ascend from our plain pile, but words that all may understand,
Are spoken; or the head is bowed, and cares to all unknown,
Presented by the soul to God, in silence at His throne.

"Man is higher than a Quaker!" *than a friend.* Ah, true! but wouldst
Thou have me turned from 'mongst my friends I loved so long? and couldst
Thou see me used as though I were a wanderer from the fold?
Nay, thou wouldst grieve to see me grieve—thy heart is none so cold.

Oh, yes, I love thee! and I've often asked, in secret prayer,
For blessings on thee; and I would we could together share
The blessings of the promises to all His children given,
Be one in love on earth, and hope to be as one in heaven.

Well! well! there is my hand, for thou hast long time held my heart;
And let us pray we ever may perform a faithful part.
True love need not expect in vain the choicest blessings He
Will give, who once was present at the feast in Galilee.

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CRESCENTIUS.

Mrs. Maclean (L.E.L.)

I looked upon his brow—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there,
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh—
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before: he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breast-plate were of gold
And graved with many a dent that told
Of many a soldier deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood, chain'd and alone,
The headsman by his side;
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
The sword that had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near,
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride.
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncovered eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.

It was a people's loud acclaim—
The voice of anger and of shame;
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son—
Her patriot—and her latest one.

THE BROKEN HEART.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away in the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—'dry sorrow drinks her blood,' until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to 'darkness and the worm.' You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low: but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like a tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to Heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consump-

tion, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told me; the circumstances are well known in the country where it happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a great impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation; all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at his threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from her paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all means of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—

that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and 'heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.'

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that shewed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sank into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
  Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
  How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died;
  They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
  Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
  When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
  From her own loved island of sorrow!

THE COUNTRY GIRL IN LONDON.

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SHE left the wooded valleys,
  The streams that babbled mirth,
She left the garden's alleys,
  And flowers, bright stars of earth;
She left the grey church peeping
  Among the village trees,
No more to hear the sweeping
  Bell-music on the breeze;
She trusted—of joy dreaming,
  She hoped a brilliant fate;
His love was but love's seeming,
  The mask fell off too late.

The night was dark and dreary,
  Winds bitter as her woe,
She wandered weary, weary,
  The long streets to and fro:
Cast off she was for ever,
  No friend, no helper nigh;
Return in shame? ah! never—
  Here better sink and die.
And thus the lost one wandered
  Through London's 'wildering mart,
And deeply, sadly pondered—
  God help that breaking heart;

Chill winter's rain was falling,
  No house would shelter give,
So to a door-step crawling—
  For even *she* would live;
To a cold door-step crawling,
  Timid she sat her down,
One dear name faintly calling,
  Till sobs that name would drown.
Yes, he was dear, though cruel,
  Though false, she loved him still,
To some love, hate is fuel,
  Burning through good and ill.

The blast was rudely blowing,
  Sleet driving through the night;
Within, warm fires were glowing,
  And echoed laughter light:
She drew her limbs up shivering,
  Folding her little hands,
Her lip with anguish quivering—
  A form beside her stands;
He asked her business gruffly,
  For fear, she nought could say;
He raised and thrust her roughly—
  She sighed and moved away.

To beg for Nature's needing,
  Struggling she bowed her pride;
Her poor worn feet were bleeding,
  But tears she strove to hide:
The great shops now were closing,
  Closing on longed-for bread;
Soon honest Toil, reposing,
  Would press his welcome bed.
A workhouse-gate was near her,
  Entrance she begged in vain;
"Too late"—they would not hear her—
  So forth she passed again.

On, on, more weary, creeping,
  On, on, more hopeless, sad,
She felt the cold blast sweeping,
  In her thin garments clad;
She reached an archway lonely,
  The iron road above;
There would she hide—God only
  Would look on her in love:

There would she, unmolested,
Crouch till kind morning rose,
Till her poor limbs were rested,
Calm thinking on her woes.

Against the cold stones leaning,
She dragged the slow, slow hours,
The arch but badly screening
From driving, drenching showers:
She passed the time, now weeping,
Now gazing through the dim,
Her tattered dress close keeping,
To warm her numbing limb:
She moaned but seldom, stooping
Her face upon her breast,
Her thin white hands low drooping—
She would, but could not rest,

A torpor deep oppressed her,
She feebly drew her breath;
It was not sleep which bless'd her,
Was it slow-coming death?
And yet her lip was smiling,
Heart's light on darkness stole;
Dear fancy was beguiling
The dying wretch's soul.
O Fancy! thy swift pinion
Can pass the gulf of pain,
And, 'neath thy bright dominion,
Lost bliss once more we gain.

She saw her native village,
Far from vast London town,
The fields prepared for tillage,
The old elms nodding down;
She saw the dear green garden
She tended when a child,
Ere sin her heart could harden,
She felt the zephyrs mild;
And birds were round her singing,
The flowers all blooming fair,
And village bells were ringing
Soft joy on evening's air.

A chorus of sweet voices—
Her sisters are at play,
And 'mid them she rejoices,
Gay-soul'd and glad as they;

And on one breast she's leaning,
A mother's arms embrace:
She reads a tender meaning
In that forgiving face—
'Twas gone—the maiden started—
The arch, cold arch of stone—
The picture had departed,
Alone—again alone!

Alone—and she was dying,
Her cheek was white and cold;
To God she now was sighing,
To Him her sins were told;
Her little feet were chilling,
Her eyes slow lost their ray,
With life's last tears now filling,
She knelt and strove to pray.
"God pardon!" slowly drooping,
The wronged, the lost one sighed,
And then, her forehead stooping,
She hid her face, and died.

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THE FAIRIES OF THE FALAISE.*

WILLIAM JONES.

[Author of "The Monks of Old," &c.]

'TWAS the eve of the bridal of Claude Deloraine,
The boldest of fishers that travers'd the main:
With a heart and a brow that had won him the hand
Of a maiden, the sweetest and best in the land.

* A tradition is current at Dieppe that at certain periods of the year the fairies hold a bazaar on the Falaise, in which are displayed goods of unequalled rarity and beauty. The traveller, chancing to pass this spot in the evening, is accosted by these strange beings, who employ all their powers of fascination to attract his attention to their wares, and his ear is saluted at the same time with sounds of the most delicious harmony. If, forewarned, he has sufficient firmness to avert his eyes from the gorgeous spectacle, he passes uninjured. On the contrary, he who listens to the tempting impulse, loses all self-control, and madly pursuing the phantom, which gradually recedes before him, he is drawn to the edge of the precipice, and from thence hurled into the fearful depths beneath.

Still was the hour—the stars shone above,
As Claude bounded homeward, his thoughts full of love:
With a song on his lips, and a step light and free,
As the waves that had rock'd him that day on the sea.

On—onward he went, but it seem'd to his gaze
The Falaise grew longer, perchance 'twas the haze:
When sudden there gleam'd on his pathway a light,
That eclips'd the full moon in the glory of night!

And there rose in the midst with a speed like the wind,
A mart of rich splendour, unmatch'd of its kind:
All the marvels of Stamboul in vain could compare
With the treasures of art that lay clustering there.

And bright though the jewels, how lovelier far,
Were the eyes of the elves, each the ray of a star;
As graceful and winning, the gay creatures came
To the side of poor Claude, and low whisper'd his name.

"Come haste thee, young fisher, and buy from our store,
We have pearls from the ocean, and earth's deepest ore;
Thy bride is awaiting a gift from thee now,
Take a wreathe of these gems to encircle her brow."

Soft fell the voice on the calm summer's even,
The herald of strains that seem'd wafted from Heaven,
So thrilling, the heart of the fisher gave way,
And he look'd with charm'd eyes on the fairies' array.

"Ho! ho!" cried the elves, as the bridegroom drew near,
The willow looks greener when wet with a tear:
There's a boat on the waves, but no helmsman to guide;
There's an arm on the cold beach, but where is its pride?

As the lights mov'd before him, Claude hasten'd along,
He mark'd not his footsteps, he heard but the song:
One movement—it ceas'd—'midst the silence of death,
The fisher was hurl'd in the breakers beneath!

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A LITTLE.

J. E. CARPENTER.

A RIVER'S source is oft a tiny spring;
A mighty isle an ocean waif of yore;
The weakest to the strong must ever cling,
A little help will bridge thought's current o'er;

A little acorn may become a tree,
  A little bud may bloom a beauteous flower;
Nothing is little in its own degree;
  An age may be made famous in an hour.
A little seed, when placed in earth or brain,
  Expands with time and quickens in the soul,
So knowledge stagnant never can remain,
  'Tis little atoms make the wondrous whole:
A little learning never then despise,
  There must be little ere there can be more,—
The lightest things are those that highest rise,
  We can but reap where others sowed before.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERKENBALD.

THE virtues of the Belgians were, in the year 1020, of a much more austere character than they are at this time, and, as a natural consequence, the punishments awarded to crime were severe, and administered with inflexible justice.

At the period referred to, lived Herkenbald, supreme judge of the city of Brussels, a man whose perfect integrity is cited as an example even to this day. He was then about seventy years of age, a widower; his family consisting of a nephew, whom he had reared in his own house, and a daughter named Blanche, whose goodness and affection he valued above everything in the world. Brought up together from childhood, mutual attachment had ripened into professions of love between the nephew and daughter, sanctioned by the old judge, who, thus deeply interested in the nephew, desired that the young man should replace him in the administration of justice, when either age or death should remove him from the judgment-seat. With much anxiety then he saw this young man give himself up to loose companionship and vicious dissipation; he saw, however, that his daughter loved the prodigal in spite of all, and he hoped that time would work the needed reformation.

One day, as the worthy judge sat dispensing equal justice to all who sought it—to peasant as to lord—a poor old man, with terror in his looks and tears coursing down his furrowed cheeks, came and threw himself upon his knees before him.

"Rise, good man," said Herkenbald; "no one should kneel for justice—it is the right of all who ask it. Speak; what would you?"

"Justice! justice, which I know you will not refuse me. My lord—" his tears fell faster—"I want but justice,—would to God I had not needed to ask for it. You have a child—a daughter, my Lord Judge; I too—I am a father. My child, my daughter was

everything in the world to me—family, riches, hope, pride. She was chaste and pure. There was not under the sun a father happier in his child than I. Now, all is lost to me; my child—justice, lord!—my child is but as the shadow of what she was. A young man—a beast, debauched and vile!—forgive me, my Lord Judge—has forced his way into my wretched home and—in spite of her shrieks—in spite of everything—the monstrous villain has dishonoured my child."

Herkenbald's cheeks grew pale as he heard the old man's accusation, and he devoutly crossed himself. He took up a book of Laws and with trembling hands turned over its pages. While the judge read, a profound silence was in the place, broken only by the sobs of the unhappy father.

After he had read for a few moments the judge's hand was observed to close upon the book with a tightened grasp; he then appeared to re-read a portion of the page with increased attention. At length he closed the volume and, after a moment's pause, turned and said: "You shall be avenged; the laws give you the blood of the criminal."

"Oh! my lord," cried the miserable father, "I do not seek his life."

The inflexible judge heard him not. "Where is this guilty wretch?" he demanded, rising from his seat.

"He—he is yet in my house."

"We will go thither;" and, making a sign to his officers to follow him, the judge went forth.

On the way, the old man, who was troubled at the severity with which the judge seemed disposed to do him justice, would have spoken a few words in extenuation of the criminal; but Herkenbald, pale and abstracted, pressed sternly forward, seemingly unconscious of everything that was passing around him.

At length they reached the house where the crime had been committed, and demanded admittance. After a while some one opened the door from within;—it was the nephew of Herkenbald!

The old judge's heart stood still. For a minute he was silent. "Know you the infamous wretch who has done this crime?" he asked at length; "is he of your friends?"

Fainting with terror, and utterly confounded, the young man at once threw himself at his uncle's feet, and confessed himself the criminal.

Herkenbald's face became deathly pale. "My Blanche! my poor child!" he murmured to himself. Tears sprang to his eyes, and for a while he spoke not. When he did speak his voice was low, but unfaltering. "You must die," he said.

"Oh Heaven!" shrieked the terrified wretch; "forgive me, uncle; I was out of my senses—drunk with wine."

"You have done that for which the penalty is death, and—you die."

The criminal abandoned hope. A confessor went to his side, and when he retired, the judge made a sign.—The guilty nephew was decapitated on the spot.

Herkenbald returned home weeping. Not long could the horrible story be kept from his child; the facts were related to her as carefully as might be, but the shock was greater than she could bear; her heart was broken, and in less than a year she died. The old judge did not long survive his lost darling; for the love and blessings of the people, dear as they were to him, could not sustain him under so great an affliction.

The street in which the crime was committed and its terrible punishment consummated has ever since been called the "rue de Fer."

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—to die—to sleep—
No more—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep?—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub!
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of Time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
When he himself might his quietus make,
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscover'd country from whose bourne
No traveller returns!—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action!

THE FEMALE CONVICT-SHIP.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

[A writer of elegant verses for music, many of which obtained great popularity; also of "Lord Tom Noddy," "Perfection," and many other successful burlettas produced on the London stage. Born 1797; died 1839.]

THE tide is in, the breeze is fair,
The vessel under weigh;
The gallant prow glides swiftly on,
And throws aside the spray.
The tranquil ocean, mirror-like,
Reflects the deep blue skies;
And, pointing to the destin'd course,
The straighten'd pennon flies.

Oh! none of those heart-cradled prayers
That never reach the lip,
No benedictions wait upon
That fast-receding ship.
No tearful eyes are strain'd to watch
Its progress from the land;
And there are none to wave the scarf,
And none to kiss the hand.

Yet women throng that vessel's deck,
The haggard and the fair,
The young in guilt, and the depraved
Are intermingled there!
The girl who from her mother's arms
Was early lured away;
The harden'd hag, whose trade hath been
To lead the pure astray.

A young and sickly mother kneels
Apart from all the rest;
And with a song of home she lulls
The babe upon her breast.

She falters—for her tears must flow,
  She cannot end the verse;
And nought is heard among the crowd
  But laughter, shout, or curse!

'Tis sunset. Hark! the signal gun;—
  All from the deck are sent,
The young, the old, the best, the worst,
  In one dark dungeon pent!
Their wailings, and their horrid mirth
  Alike are hush'd in sleep;
And now the female convict-ship
  In silence ploughs the deep.

But long the lurid tempest-cloud
  Hath brooded o'er the waves;
And suddenly the winds are roused,
  And leave their secret caves.
And up aloft the ship is borne,
  And down again as fast,
And every mighty billow seems
  More dreadful than the last.

Oh! who that loves the pleasure-barque
  By summer breezes fann'd,
Shall dare to paint the ocean-storm,
  Terrifically grand?
When helplessly the vessel drifts,
  Each torn sail closely furl'd,
When not a man of all the crew
  Knows whither she is hurl'd!

And who shall tell the agony
  Of those confined beneath,
Who in the darkness dread to die—
  How unprepared for death!
Who, loathing, to each other cling,
  When every hope hath ceased,
And beat against their prison door,
  And shriek to be released!

Three times the ship hath struck. Again!
  She never more will float.
Oh! wait not for the rising tide;
  Be steady—man the boat!
And see, assembled on the shore
  The merciful, the brave:
Quick, set the female convicts free,
  There still is time to save!

It is vain ! what demon blinds
The captain and the crew?
The rapid rising of the tide
With mad delight they view.
They hope the coming waves will waft
The convict ship away!
The foaming monster hurries on,
Impatient for his prey !

And he is come ! the rushing flood
In thunder sweeps the deck ;
The groaning timbers fly apart,
The vessel is a wreck !
One moment, from the female crowd
There comes a fearful cry;
The next, they're hurled into the deep,
To struggle, and to die !

Their corses strew a foreign shore,
Left by the ebbing tide;
And sixty in a ghastly row
Lie numbered, side by side !
The lifeless mother's bleeding form
Comes floating from the wreck ;
And lifeless is the babe she bound
So fondly round her neck !

'Tis morn; the anxious eye can trace
No vessel on the deep ;
But gather'd timber on the shore
Lies in a gloomy heap.
In winter time those brands will blaze,
Our tranquil homes to warm,
Though torn from that poor convict ship
That perish'd in the storm !

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?

Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

A human shape I feel thou art;
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love,
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude:
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown;
Glad would they be their child to own!
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home would'st live!
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, "this babe is mine!"
In time thou would'st become the same
As their own child,—all but the name!

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee!
Whose hearts no greater pleasures seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
When thy first broken words were heard,
Words, that inspired by Heaven, express'd;
The transports dancing in thy breast!
And for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze, are kindling now.

I called thee duteous; am I wrong?
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:

Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to Love;
To God!—for thou a harmless child
Has kept his temple undefiled:
To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries:
To Love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee!
What wonder then though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim?

COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN' ME.

EDWIN WAUGH.

[A Lancashire poet, resident at Manchester; living.]

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob;
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon;
There's some nice bacon-collops o' th' hob,
An' a quart o' ale posset i'th' oon;
Aw've brought thi top-cwot, does ta know,
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree;
An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow;—
Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer;
So, aw kissed th' little thing, an' aw said
Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro th' fair;
An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
An' a nice little white cotton bo';
An' aw kissed her again; but hoo said
At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him upstairs;
Thae towd him thae'd bring him a drum,
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers;
Then he looked i' my face, an' he said,
"Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad?"
An' he cried till his e'en were quite red;
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad!

At th' lung-length, aw geet em' laid still;
An' aw hearken't folk's feet at went by;
So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,
An' aw hanged 'em o' th' maiden to dry;
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt,—
Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer

"Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick;
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal;
Aw've a book full o' babs; an' a stick,
An' some 'bacco an' pipes for mysel;
Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—
Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see;*
An' aw bought thee a new cap to-day,—
But, aw olez bring summat for *thee!*"

"God bless tho, my lass; aw'll go whoam,
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd
Thae knows, that wheerever aw roam,
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd.
Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree;
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
Except wi' yon childer an' thee!"

AW NIVIR CAN CALL HUR MY WIFE.

BENJAMIN PRESTON.

[A Yorkshire poet, resident at Bradford; living.]

Aw'm a weyver ya knaw, and awf deead,
So aw du all at iver aw can
Ta put away aat o' my heead
The thowts an the airms of a man!

Eight shillin a wick's whot aw arn,
When aw've varry gooid wark an full time,
An aw think it a sorry consarn
Fur a hearty young chap in his prime!

But ar maister says things is as well
As they hae been, ur ivir can be;
An aw happen sud think soa mysel,
If he nobud swop places wi me;
But he's welcome ta all he can get,
Aw begrudge him o' noan o' his brass,
An aw'm nowt bud a madlin ta fret,
Ur ta dream o' yond bewtiful lass!

Aw nivir can call hur my wife,
My love aw sal nivir mak knawn,
Yit the sorra that darkens hur life
Thraws a shadda across o' my awn;
An aw'm suar when hur heart is at eeas,
Thear is sunshine an singin i' mine,
An misfortunes may come as they pleeas,
Bud they niver can mak ma repine.

That Chartist wur nowt bud a sloap,
Aw wur fooil'd be his speeches an rhymes,
His promises wattered my hoap,
An aw leng'd fur his sunshiny times;
But aw feel 'at my dearist desire
Is withrin within ma away,
Like an ivy-stem trailin' it mire,
An deein' fur t' want of a stay!

When aw laid i' my bed day an neet,
And wur geen up by t' doctur for deead—
God bless hur—shoo'd come wi' a leet
An a basin o' grewil an breead;
An aw once thowt aw'd aht wi' it all,
But sa kindly shoo chattud and smiled
Aw wur fain tu turn ovvur ta t'wall,
An ta bluther an sob like a child!

An aw said as aw thowt of her een,
Each breeter fur't tear at wur in't;
It's a sin ta be niver furgeen
Ta yoke hur ta famine an stint;
So aw'l e'en travel forrud thru life,
Like a man thru a desert unknawn,
Aw mun ne'er hev a hoam an a wife,
Bud my sorras will all be my awn!

Soa aw' trudge on aloan as aw owt,
An whativer my troubles may be,
They'll be sweetened, my lass, wi' the thowt
That aw've niver browt trouble to thee;
Yit a burd hes its young uns ta guard,
A wild beast, a mate in his den;
An aw cannot but think that its hard—
Nay, deng it, aw'm roarin agen!

MAUD MÜLLER.

J. G. Whittier.

[An American poet; he has written "Songs of Labour, and other Poems," Boston, U.S. 1851; "Home Ballads, and other Poems," Boston, U.S. 1860; "Poems," 8vo, Boston, 1850: and several other works.]

Maud Müller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and a merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaff'd."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broad-cloth coat:
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor.
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead:

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein:

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas! for Maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad works of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes:

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Author of "The Traveller," "Vicar of Wakefield," &c. Born 1728; died 1774.]

As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain. There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven! it is not so bad with me yet.

I was born in Shropshire. My father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so

they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet: and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away. But what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the Evil One put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't?—I killed the hare and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me. He called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of myself. But, though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London, to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

People may say this and that of being in gaol, but for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air, and those that remained were sickly enough, you may be sure. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar (for I did not know my letters), I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

When my time had expired, I worked my passage home; and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more; so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a pressgang. I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter, and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

When the peace came, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion; for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war; and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money. But the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow. He swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I wanted to be idle. But I knew nothing of sea-business; and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

Our crew was carried into Brest; and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a gaol, but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. "Jack," says he to me, "will you knock out the French sentry's brains?" "I don't care," says I, striving to keep myself awake, "if I lend a hand." "Then follow me," says he; "and I hope we shall do business." So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the clothes I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen.

Though we had no arms, we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the *Dorset* privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the *Pompadour* privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The

fight lasted for three hours; and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

I was once more in the power of the French; and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest: but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the *Viper*. I had almost forgot to tell you that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life. But that was not my chance; one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, Property, and Old England for ever, huzza!

THE DYING SAILOR.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

YES! there are real mourners.—I have seen
A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention (through the day) her duties claim'd,
And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd:
Neatly she drest, nor vainly seem'd t' expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But, when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In ev'ry place she wander'd, where they'd been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting scene,
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sail'd,—"This once, and then the day!"
Yet prudence tarried; but, when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sail'd, and great the care she took,
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;

And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was her's to buy, to make, and to bestow:
For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told,
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His messmates smil'd at flushings on his cheek,
And he too smil'd, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain;
Hope was awaken'd, as for home he sail'd,
But quickly sank, and never more prevail'd.

He call'd his friend, and prefac'd with a sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing, [illegible]!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more; I will not paint
The lovers' meeting; she beheld him faint—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts, meantime
Were interchang'd, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Sooth'd the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart, she sigh'd; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think
Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not sink:"
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the book of prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;

Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasur'd, and she loves them a'*l*;
When in her way she meets them they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He nam'd his friend, but then his hand she prest,
And fondly whisper'd "Thou must go to rest;"
"I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gaz'd affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past:

She plac'd a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engrav'd—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have griev'd, had friends presum'd to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But, if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

Forbear, sweet maid; nor be by fancy led,
To hold mysterious converse with the dead;
For sure at length thy thoughts, thy spirit's pain,
In this sad conflict, will disturb thy brain;
All have their tasks and trials; thine are hard,
But short the time, and glorious the reward;
Thy patient spirit to thy duties give,
Regard the dead, but to the living live.

BERNARDO AND ALFONSO.

J. G. Lockhart.

[Son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott: editor of the *Quarterly*; author of the "Spanish Ballads." Born 1793; died 1854.]

With some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying king to beard;
With cap in hand, and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king, "who com'st unbid to me;
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to thee?
His sire, Lords, had a traitor's heart: perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale—the king hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard, "Here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to makes us slaves of France:—
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval,—
Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the falchion shine,
That soon had drank your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thank'd the son, for life and crown, by the father's bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,
But, shame upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and stiffen'd limb, were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple black,
No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back:
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
The King hath injur'd Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."

"Seize—seize him!"—loud the King doth scream—"There are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream—What, caitiffs, do you fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death: cries Bernard, "Here am I,
And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven and me;
Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Condé, or Grandee!"

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his cloak)—
His ten true men the signal knew—and through the ring they broke,
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize."
But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling pass'd away—
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

SPEECH OF DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS.

ATHENIANS!—Had this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have heard the opinions of others before I had offered my own; and if what they proposed had seemed to me judicious, I should have been silent; if otherwise, I should have given my reasons for differing from those who had spoken before me. But, as the subject of our present deliberations has been often treated by others, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up first to offer my opinion. Had the schemes formerly proposed been successful, there would have been no occasion for the present consultation.

First, then, my countrymen, let me entreat you, not to look upon the state of our affairs as desperate, though it be unpromising; for as, on one hand, to compare the present with times past, matters have indeed a very gloomy aspect; so, on the other, if we extend our views to future times, I have good hopes that the distresses we are now under will prove of greater advantage to us than if we had never fallen into them. If it be asked, what probability there is of this? I answer, I hope it will appear that it is our egregious misbehaviour alone that has brought us into these disadvantageous circumstances; from which follows the necessity of altering our conduct, and the prospect of bettering our circumstances by doing so.

If we had nothing to accuse ourselves of, and yet found our affairs in their present disorderly condition, we should not have room left even for the hope of recovering ourselves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how gloriously the Lacedemonian war was sustained; in which we engaged, in defence of our own rights, against an enemy powerful and formidable; in the whole conduct of which war nothing happened unworthy the dignity of the Athenian state; and this within these few years past. My intention in recalling to your memory this part of our history, is to show you, that you have no reason to fear any enemy, if your operations be wisely planned and vigorously executed.

The enemy has, indeed, gained considerable advantages by treaty as well as by conquest; for it is to be expected that princes and states will court the alliance of those who seem powerful enough to protect both themselves and their confederates. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too supinely negligent of what concerns you so nearly, if you will, even now, resolve to

exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances,—the rich by contributing liberally towards the expense of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves—it is not yet too late, with the help of heaven, to recover what you have lost, and to inflict just vengeance on your insolent enemy.

But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster. When irresistible necessity drives you.—What think you of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? or do you wait for somewhat yet to come more forcible and urgent?—How long will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news, as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state, and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, "What! is Philip dead?" "No," it is answered: "but he is very ill." How foolish this curiosity. What is it to you whether Philip is sick or well? Suppose he were dead, your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead: for it is not his strength that has made him what he is, but your indolence; which has of late been such that you seem neither in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it, if it were gained by others for you.

Wisdom directs that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take; whereas, you Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war, as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages, but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you order troops to be sent thither; if at Pylæ, forces are to be detached to secure that post.—Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence. You attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general. But you never think of striking out of yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being before-hand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time; but in the critical circumstances you are now in, utterly ruinous.

Oh! shame to the Athenian name! We undertook this war against Philip, in order to obtain redress of grievances, and to force him to indemnify us for the injuries he had done us; and we have conducted it so successfully, that we shall by and by think ourselves happy if we escape being defeated and ruined! For who can think that a prince of his restless and ambitious temper will not improve the opportunities and advantages which our indolence and

timidity present him? Will he give over his designs against us, without being obliged to it? And who will oblige him? Who will restrain his fury? Shall we wait for assistance from some unknown country? In the name of all that is sacred, and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raise, if we should not be able to raise as many as we could wish. Let us do somewhat to curb this tyrant. Let us remember this, that he is our enemy; that he has spoiled us of our dominions; that we have long been subject to his insolence; that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved against us; and that all the resource left is in ourselves: then we shall come to a proper determination; then we shall give due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far!
'Tis thine, oh, Glenullin; whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate;
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there,
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden; that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

Wizard. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws!
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight—
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country lies bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims;
Accurs'd be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,

Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——
Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale.
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Tho' my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

THE POOR MAN AND THE FIEND.

REV. MR. MACLELLAN.

A FIEND once met a humble man
At night, in the cold dark street,
And led him into a palace fair,
Where music circled sweet;
And light and warmth cheered the wanderer's heart,
From frost and darkness screened,
Till his brain grew mad beneath the joy,
And he worshipped before the Fiend.

Ah! well if he ne'er had knelt to that Fiend,
For a task-master grim was he;
And he said, "One half of thy life on earth,
I enjoin thee to yield to me;
And when, from rising till set of sun,
Thou hast toiled in the heat or snow,
Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be;"
And the poor man ne'er said "No!"

The poor man had health, more dear than gold;
Stout bone and muscle strong,
That neither faint nor weary grew,
To toil the June day long;
And the Fiend, his god, cried hoarse and loud,
"Thy strength thou must forego,
Or thou no worshipper art of mine;"
And the poor man e'er said "No!"

Three children blest the poor man's home—
  Stray angels dropped on earth—
The Fiend beheld their sweet blue eyes,
  And he laughed in fearful mirth:
"Bring forth thy little ones," quoth he,
  "My godhead wills it so!
I want an evening sacrifice;"
  And the poor man ne'er said "No!"

A young wife sat by the poor man's fire,
  Who, since she blushed a bride,
Had gilded his sorrow, and brightened his joys,
  His guardian, friend, and guide.
Foul fall the Fiend! he gave command,
  "Come, mix the cup of woe,
Bid thy young wife drain it to the dregs:"
  And the poor man ne'er said "No!"

Oh! misery now for this poor man!
  Oh! deepest of misery!
Next the Fiend his godlike Reason took,
  And amongst the beasts fed he;
And when the sentinel Mind was gone,
  He pilfered his Soul also;
And—marvel of marvels!—he murmured not:
  The poor man ne'er said "No!"

Now, men and matrons in your prime,
  Children and grandsires old,
Come listen, with soul as well as ear,
  This saying whilst I unfold;
Oh, listen! till your brain whirls round,
  And your heart is sick to think,
That in England's isle all this befel,
  And the name of the Fiend was—DRINK!

THE DEATH OF BAWTIE.

A BORDER BALLAD.

As Bawtie fled frae Langton Tower
  Wi' his troop alang the way;
By the Corney ford an ould man stood,
  And to him did Bawtie say:

"Prythee, tell unto me, thou weird auld man,
Whilk name this ford doth wear?"
"'Tis the Corney ford" quo' the weird old man,
"*And thou'lt cross it alive no mair!*"

"Gin' this be Corney ford indeed,
The Lord's grace bide wi' me,
For I'll ne'er get hame to my ain dear land,
That lies far oure the sea.

"For I was told by a seer so auld,
That when I should cross this ford,
My hours were numbered ilka ane,
And to fa' beneath the sword."

"Then ride thee fast, thou knight sae braw,"
The auld man now did say,
"Thou'rt safe 'gin thou can'st reach Dunbar
Afore the gloaming grey."

Then Bawtie fled wi' furious speed
Awa' like the wintry wind;
But the fiery Home, and his savage band,
Hard pressed on him behind.

Many the lang brown on the stang moor,
Some fell, and some were slain,
But Bawtie spurred on wi' hot speed
The Lammer muir to gain.

Syne down the hills to the east of Dunse
He rode ryght furiously,
Till near the house o' lane Crane crook
Deep laid in a bog was he.

And the men o' the merse around him ran
Wi' their lang spears glentin gray;
Grim Wedderburn with fury wild
Rushed into the bloody fray.

The fray went hot, and soon was past,
And some faces then lay pale;
And the herd-boy stood on the hill aghast
At the slaughterin' in the vale.

Their weapons good, were stained in bluid
O' the warden and his men;
Grim Home hew'd off poor Bawtie's head,
And left his body in the glen.

Then they stripped off his broidered vest,
His helmet eke and his mail,
Syne shroudless laid him down to his rest,
Where strife shall nae mair assail.

The leddies of France may wail and mourn,
Wail and mourn full sair;
For the bonny Bawtie's lang brown locks,
They'll never see waving mair.

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.

Mrs. Hemans.

The Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Tho' a Christian banner from her walls
Waved free its lily flowers:
Ay, proudly did the banner wave,
As queen of earth and air;
But faint hearts throbbed beneath its folds
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon
Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an eastern field
Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful when at feast they met
The wine-cup round to send;
For each that touched it silently
Then missed a gallant friend.

And mournful was their vigil
On the beleaguered wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
Of slow defeat and fall:
Yet a few hearts of chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm,
And one—of all the loftiest there—
Thrilled in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending
O'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft, sad eyes of weeping love,
As the Virgin Mother's mild.

Oh! roughly cradled was thy babe,
'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
And a strange, wild bower was thine, young queen,
Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
Like a scene for wizard spell,
Deep in Saracenic gloom
Of the warrior citadel;
And there, 'midst arms, the couch was spread,
And with banners curtained o'er,
For the daughter of the minstrel land,
The gay provençal shore,

For the bright queen of St. Louis,
The star of court and hall!
But the deep strength of the gentle heart
Wakes to the tempest's call.
Her Lord was in the Paynim's hold,
His soul with grief oppressed—
Yet calmly lay she desolate,
With her young babe on her breast.

There were voices in the city,
Voices of wrath and fear;
"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain—
We will not perish here.
Yield! yield! and let the crescent gleam
O'er tower and bastion high;
Our distant homes are beautiful—
We stay not here to die."

They bore those fearful tidings
To the sad queen where she lay;
They told a tale of wavering hearts,
Of treason and dismay:
The blood rushed through her pearly cheeks,
The sparkle to her eye—
"Now call me hither, those recreant knights,
From the bands of Italy!"

Then through the vaulted chambers
Stern iron footsteps rang;
And heavily the sounding floor
Gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her—steel-clad men,
Moulded for storm and fight,
But they quailed before the loftier soul
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes; as before the falcon shrinks
The bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from the imperial glance
Of her—that fragile thing!
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high
Through the din of arms around—
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the lily
Is in your hands to keep,
And the banner of the cross for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep:
And the city which, for Christian prayer,
Hath heard the holy bell;
And is it these your hearts will yield
To the godless infidel?

"Then bring me here a breast-plate
And a helm before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form,
And on the ramparts die:
And the boy whom I have borne for woe,
But never for disgrace,
Shall go within my arms to death,
Meet for his royal race.

"Look on him as he slumbers
In the shadow of the lance;
Then go, and with the cross forsake
The princely babe of France!
But tell your homes ye left one heart
To perish undefiled;
A woman—and a queen—to guard
Her honour and her child!"

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves
When winds are in the wood;
And a deepening murmur told of men
Roused to a loftier mood;
And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
Unsheathed in many a hand,
As they gathered round the helpless one—
Again a noble band.

We are thy warriors, lady!
True to the cross and thee;
The spirit of thy kindling words
On every sword shall be.

Rest, with thy fair child upon thy breast—
Rest, we will guard thee well;
St. Denis for the lily-flower
And the Christian citadel!"

THE MAN OF ROSS.

ALEXANDER POPE.

—— ALL our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross.
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
The young who labour and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say! what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!
And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.

IVAN THE CZAR.

MRS. HEMANS.

[Ivan the Czar, or Emperor of Russia, surnamed the Terrible, from his passion and cruelty, when old besieged Novogorod. His Boyards, or nobles, perceiving his incapacity, entreated him to give the command to his son. He was so enraged at this request, that although his son threw himself at his feet, he struck him with such force that he died in two days. Ivan survived him only two or three months.]

He sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty Czar,
Lonely, though princes girt him round,
And leaders of the war;
He had cast his jewelled sabre,
That many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead—
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed
Through the rich tent made way;
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,
From his full bosom broke—
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke!
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burdened with agony.

"There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath;
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done:
For the honour of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!

"Well might I know death's hue and mien—
But on thy aspect, boy!
What, till this moment, have I seen,
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou were to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

"I will not bear that still cold look—
Rise up, thou fierce and free!
Wake as the storm wakes! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee!
Lift brightly up, and proudly,
Once more thy kindling eyes!
Hath my word lost its power on earth?
I say to thee, Arise!

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not! and art gone,
In bitterness of soul, to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit!
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart
That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first, fair child
That in mine arms I pressed:
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast!
I reared thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse,
I look upon thee——dead!

"Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs! in my first-born's grave!

And leave me!—I have conquered,
I have slain: my work is done!
Whom have I slain? Ye answer not—
Thou too art mute, my son!"

And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sighed;
From the searching stars of Heaven he shrank—
Humbly the conqueror died.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

MRS. MACLEAN (L.E.L.).

[A charming English poetess. Born 1802; died, at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, 1838.]

NONE will dwell in that cottage, for they say
Oppression reft it from an honest man,
And that a curse clings to it: hence the vine
Trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground;
Hence weeds are in that garden; hence the hedge,
Once sweet with honey-suckle, is half dead;
And hence the grey moss on the apple-tree.
One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth
A soldier; and when many years had pass'd
He sought his native village, and sat down
To end his days in peace. He had one child—
A little laughing thing, whose large dark eyes,
He said, were like the mother's he had left
Buried in stranger lands; and time went on
In comfort and content—and that fair girl
Had grown far taller than the red rose tree
Her father planted her first English birth-day;
And he had train'd it up against an ash
Till it became his pride;—it was so rich
In blossom and in beauty, it was call'd
The tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal
To all the better feelings of the heart
To mark their quiet happiness; their home,
In truth, a home of love: and more than all,
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came

Among the first to church; and Isabel,
With her bright colour and her clear glad eyes,
Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible:—
Her father look'd so fond of her, and then
From her look'd up so thankfully to Heaven!
And their small cottage was so very neat;
Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers;
And in the winter there was no fireside
So cheerful as their own. But other days
And other fortunes came—an evil power!
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
For better times, but ruin came at last;
And the old soldier left his own dear home,
And left it for a prison. 'Twas in June,
One of June's brightest days—the bee, the bird,
The butterfly, were on their brightest wings;
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;
The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,
And the old man look'd back upon his cottage
And wept aloud:—they hurried him away,
And the dear child that would not leave his side.
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven
And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,
The windows shutting out the blessed sun
With iron grating; and for the first time
He threw him on his bed, and could not hear
His Isabel's "good night!" But the next morn
She was the earliest at the prison gate,
The last on whom it closed; and her sweet voice,
And sweeter smile, made him forget to pine.
She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers,
But every morning could he see her cheek
Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones
Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew
Was on the hand he held. One day he saw
The sun shine through the grating of his cell,
Yet Isabel came not; at every sound
His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still
She came not near him. But one sad day
He mark'd the dull street through the iron bars
That shut him from the world;—at length he saw
A coffin carried carelessly along,
And he grew desperate—he forced the bars;
And he stood on the street, free and alone!
He had no aim, no wish for liberty—
He only felt one want, to see the corpse
That had no mourners. When they set it down,

Or e'er 'twas lower'd into the new dug grave,
A rush of passion came upon his soul,
And he tore off the lid, and saw the face
Of Isabel, and knew he had no child!
He lay down by the coffin quietly—
His heart was broken!

DIMES AND DOLLARS.

HENRY MILLS.

"DIMES and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
Thus an old miser rang the chimes,
As he sat by the side of an open box,
With ironed angles and massive locks:
And he heaped the glittering coin on high,
And cried in delirious ecstacy—
"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Ye are the ladders by which man climbs
Over his fellows. Musical chimes!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

A sound on the gong, and the miser rose,
And his laden coffer did quickly close,
And locked secure. "These are the times
For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
A letter! Ha! from my prodigal son.
The old tale—poverty—pshaw, begone!
Why did he marry when I forbade?
As he has sown so he must reap;
But I my dollars secure will keep.
A sickly wife and starving times?
He should have wed with dollars and dimes."

Thickly the hour of midnight fell;
Doors and windows were bolted well.
"Ha!" cried the miser, "not so bad:—
A thousand guineas to-day I've made.
Money makes money; these are the times
To double and treble the dollars and dimes.
Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan;—
Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
And he fell to sleep with the midnight chimes,
Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high, and its beaming ray
Into the miser's room found way.
It moved from the foot till it lit the head
Of the miser's low uncurtained bed;
And it seemed to say to him, "Sluggard, awake
Thou hast a thousand dollars to make.
Up man, up!" How still was the place,
As the bright ray fell on the miser's face!
Ha! the old miser at last is dead!
Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,
And he left behind but an earthly clod,
Akin to the dross that he made his god.

What now avails the chinking chimes
Of dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Men of the times! men of the times!
Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.
Use them well, and their use sublimes
The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.
Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.
Men of the times! men of the times!
Let charity dwell with your dollars and dimes.

DON GARZIA.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

AMONG those awful forms, in elder time
Assembled, and through many an after-age
Destined to stand as genii of the Place
Where men most meet in Florence, may be seen
His who first played the tyrant. Clad in mail,
But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
And they, that read the legend underneath,
Go and pronounce him happy. Yet, methinks,
There is a chamber that, if walls could speak,
Would turn their admiration into pity.
Half of what passed died with him; but the rest,
All he discovered when the fit was on,
All that, by those who listened, could be gleaned
From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
Is told, and by an honest chronicler.

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzia,
(The eldest had not seen his nineteenth summer),
Went to the chase; but only one returned.
Giovanni, when the huntsman blew his horn
O'er the last stag that started from the brake,
And in the heather turned to stand at bay,
Appeared not, and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas,
The trembling Cosmo guessed the deed, the doer;
And, having caused the body to be borne
In secret to that chamber, at an hour
When all slept sound, save she who bore them both,
Who little thought of what was yet to come,
And lived but to be told—he bade Garzia
Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
A winking lamp, and in the other a key,
Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led;
And, having entered in, and locked the door,
The father fixed his eyes upon the son,
And closely questioned him. No change betrayed,
Or guilt, or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
The bloody sheet. "Look there! Look there!" he cried,
"Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand!
Unless thyself will save him that sad office.
What!" he exclaimed, when, shuddering at the sight,
The boy breathed out, "I stood but on my guard."
"Darest thou then blacken one who never wronged thee,
Who would not set his foot upon a worm?
Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all."
Then from Garzia's belt he drew the blade,
That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood;
And, kneeling on the ground, "Great God!" he cried,
"Grant me the strength to do an act of justice.
Thou knowest what it costs me; but, alas,
How can I spare myself, sparing none else?
Grant me the strength, the will—and oh! forgive
The sinful soul of a most wretched son.
'Tis a most wretched father who implores it."
Long on Garzia's neck he hung and wept,
Long pressed him to his bosom tenderly;
And then, but while he held him by the arm,
Thrusting him backward, turned away his face,
And stabbed him to the heart.

Well might a youth,
Studious of men, anxious to learn and know,
When in the train of some great embassy

He came, a visitant, to Cosmo's court,
Think on the past; and, as he wandered through
The ample spaces of an ancient house,
Silent, deserted—stop a while to dwell
Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall
Together, as of Two in bonds of love,
Those of the unhappy brothers, and conclude,
From the sad looks of him who could have told
The terrible truth. Well might he heave a sigh
For poor humanity, when he beheld
That very Cosmo shaking o'er his fire,
Drowsy, and deaf, and inarticulate,
Wrapped in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's mess,
In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale,
His wife, another, not his Eleanor,
At once his nurse and his interpreter.

THE ALCHYMIST.

N. P. Willis.

The night wind with a desolate moan swept by
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Screaming upon their hinges: and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

The fire beneath his crucible was low;
Yet still it burned; and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy, and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its sockets, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Muttered a curse on death! The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,

He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:

"I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce the eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt—oh God! it seemeth, even now,
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow!

"And yet it is—I feel,
Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid!
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand—
Binding its pulse with an icy band.

"And this is death! But why
Feel I this wild recoil? It cannot be
The immortal spirit shuddereth to be free!
Would it not leap to fly,
Like a chained eaglet at its parent's call?
I fear—I fear—that this poor life is all!

"Yet thus to pass away!—
To live but for a hope that mocks at last—
To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have and are—for this—for nought!

"Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would KNOW something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

"Vain—vain!—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing—burning—
Dying! Oh God! If I might only live!
My phial——Ha! it thrills me—I revive!

"Ay—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here—
Could he but train his eye—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

"Earth has no mineral strange—
The illimitable air no hidden wings—
Water no quality in covert springs,
And fire no power to change—
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compe

"Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky—
To see the invisible spirits eye to eye—
To hurl the lightning back—
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls—
To chase Day's Chariot to the horizon-walls—

"And more, much more—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move—
To nurse and purify this human love—
To clear the godlike brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one—

"This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream—
To live!—oh God! that life is but a dream!
And death——Aha! I reel—
Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o'er my eye—
Cover me! save me——God of heaven! I die!"

'Twas morning and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, the expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan,
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.
The storm was raging still. The shutters swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them; and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on the alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lonely nest.

HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

BETH GELERT.

HON. WM. ROBERT SPENCER.

[Was the younger son of Lord Charles Spencer, and was educated at Harrow and Oxford. In 1796, he published a translation of Bürger's "Lenore." He held the appointment of Commissioner of Stamps. Born 1770; died 1834.]

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer:
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh! where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And small and scant the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed, he found
The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He search'd—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And, to the hilt, his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh:
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub-boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass
Or forester unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

THE

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